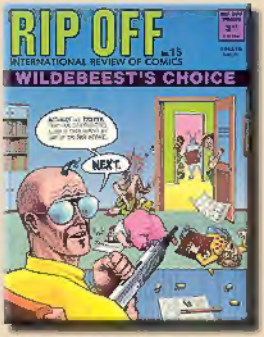


Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

# Rip Off Comix #15

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## Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1, 2(t), 3+, 40-41, 52
Thiriet - 3+, 4-11
F. Margerin - 3+, 12-13
Vuillemin - 3+, 14-19
Pierre Ouin - 3+, 20-23
J.C. Menu - 3+, 24-25
Frank Stack - 3+, 26-30
Paul Carali - 3+, 31-32
Charlie Schlingo - 3+, 33
Goossens - 3+, 34-39
Jim Bennett - 3+, 42-46
Bruce Bolinger - 3+, 47-51

# RIP OFF

No. 15

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF COMICS

RIP OFF PRESS

2.95

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ADULTS ONLY!

## WILDEBEEST'S CHOICE

# ON THE SCENE IN PARIS, FRANCE

***with Frappington T. Wildebeest VIIth***

America had its Golden Age of comics earlier, but France waited until the eighties to have its own. There are some previous French classics of the *genre*—strips like *Les Pieds Nickldes* ("Nickled Feet"), which has been going since 1902 under various artists, the comic drawings of Albert Dubout, and Goscinny and Uderzo's *Asterix*, not to mention Herge''s *Tintin*, which is Belgian—but the comic strip really flowered after being blessed by the French intellectuals at the time of the near-revolution of May, 1968.

There are ten times as many monthly comic magazines in France as there are in the U.S. The better ones—*Fluide Glacial, Metal Hurlant, l'Echo des Savanes, Circus, Pilote & Charlie, A' Suivre,* and *Special USA,* to name a few—feature a mixture of adventure, science fiction, humor and sex, and stand in contrast to America's preoccupation with superheroes and cute animals. Paris is dotted with shops specializing in hardcover comic books, which the Europeans call "albums." Cartoon magazines dealing with everything from current events to what would be called pornography in the United States can be found at every neighborhood magazine stand, through the miracle of government-supported distribution.

Rip Off Press' Gilbert Shelton now lives in Paris, and the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers, Fat Freddy's Cat, and Wonder Wart-Hog (the latter being known as *Super Phacochere*) have all been published in French by various publishers. Shelton spends his time looking at French comics, and has even picked up a bit of the language—mostly words like "paf," "bom," "prout," "beurk," and "*aïïïï*."

Robert Crumb, along with his wife Aline and five-year-old daughter Sophie, also spent several months in Paris in the first part of 1986. He did a few pages for the daily newspaper *Libération*, including a front-page caricature of Maggie Thatcher as a hen sitting on a pile of rotting eggs, and he put in a perfunctory personal appearance at *La Hune* bookstore where they had an exhibition of his original artwork; but he spent most of his time on his musical pursuits, collecting old 78 rpm records at the flea markets, and recording a ten-inch LP, *"Cocktail d'Amour,"* with a bunch of French musicians.

Crumb was also guest of honor at the big annual French comic book convention at Angouleme, and came away with a good impression of the event, as one could see by the two pages he did for *Libération*. The festival at Angouleme is larger than any of its counterparts elsewhere, claiming attendance of 200,000 over four days. It's big enough now to have generated simultaneous counter-conventions and counter-publications, as exemplified by **Jean-Christophe Menu's** *Merdeley*. Menu narrowly missed getting a big prize for his fanzine *Lynx* several years ago. He'll certainly never win one now.

Other European contributors to this issue include **Thiriet**, who is currently doing funny stuff for *Fluide Glacial*; **Pierre Ouin**, whose cartoon hero, if you want to call him that, is a junkie named Bloodi (The origins of this character were shown in the story "White Blood," which appeared in ROP's 1985 publication *Viper);* **Daniel Goossens**, who has never gotten the grand prize at Angouleme but certainly deserves one; **Paul Carali**, former editor-publisher of *Psykopat* ("Psycopath"); **Charlie Schlingo**, whose name means "stink" in French slang; **Frank Margerin**, self-styled "gentleman cartoonist" with working-class characters; and **Philippe Vuillemin**, whose style looks like a mixture of Harvey Kurtzman and S. Clay Wilson. The last two, Margerin and Vuillemin, are also members of a rock band composed entirely of cartoonists, called "Dennis' Twist," which currently has a hit on the French charts, *"Tu dis que tu l'M."*

Let's hope that all these people getting involved with music doesn't get in the way of their cartooning careers, like it did with Shel Silverstein.

On the Stateside scene: **Foolbert Sturgeon** checks in with another episode of his classical girl-fight serial, and we bring you work from two U.S. cartoonists who are relatively new to the field. **Jim Bennett** lives in Bakersfield but otherwise seems to be normal. **Bruce Bolinger** has been a professional illustrator for years but has only now turned his talented pen to comix. His strip is rumored to be autobiographical. In other, unrelated Rip Off Press news, former ROP box-packer and writer Don Baumgart is among the winners of L. Ron Hubbards' international Writers of the Future Contest (Volume II), edited by Algis Budrys, with his story "All You Can Eat!" Congratulations to Don, and if it weren't for the fact that the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers are all written by computer now, Don would probably be writing them still.

**NEXT ISSUE:** It's an all-star lineup of cartoonists bringing you their views on the Battle of the Ages: Men vs. Women.

**We're moving!** After 18½ years in San Francisco, Rip Off Press is moving to sunny Auburn in California's Gold Country. As of July 1st, 1987, you'll find us in our deluxe new offices at **11860 Kemper Rd., Suite 4, Auburn.** (Just off of Highway 49 North.)

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# RIP OFF No. 15

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF COMICS

## WILDEBEEST'S CHOICE—

2. THIRIET—CRIME AND / OR PUNISHMENT

12. VUILLEMIN—A BIT OF HISTORY

10. MARGERIN—LUCIEN HELPS OUT

18. PIERRE OUIN—SQUAT ROMANCE

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32. GOOSSENS—CUCKOLDS

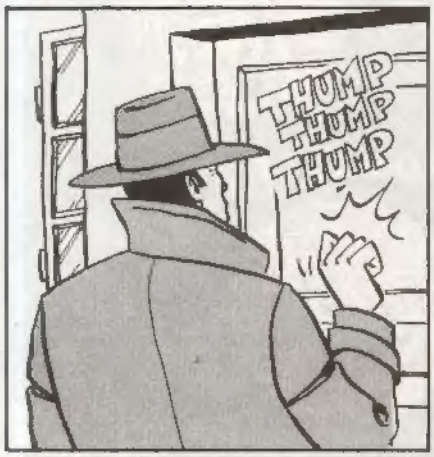
38. GILBERT SHELTON—FAT FREDDY'S CAT

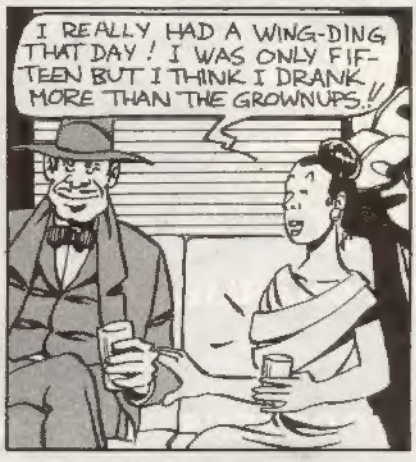
40. JIM BENNETT—HOW TO FART AND GET AWAY WITH IT

45. BRUCE H. BOLINGER—STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

# CRIME AND/OR PUNISHMENT

BY THIRIET





-WHAT!! THE OLD WITCH IS DEAD! -UH... YES- STRANGLED DURING THE NIGHT. HER FATHER FOUND
THE BODY THIS MORNING AND WE SUSPECT THE KILLER IS SOMEONE LIVING IN THE BUILDING: THE MAIN
DOOR WAS BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE. I ASKED FOR AN AUTOPSY JUST TO MAKE SURE.
CONCIERGE
IT'S FUNNY TO THINK SHE'S BEEN KILLED, BUT I CAN'T SAY AS HOW I'M SORRY... I JUST DON'T KNOW...
YOU DIDN'T LIKE HER, HUH?
WELL, I COULD SAY THAT IF SOMEONE ELSE HADN'T KILLED HER, I WOULD HAVE MYSELF!
BE CAREFUL, MY DEAR! ANYTHING YOU SAY TO ME MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!!
!! ...YOU'RE JOKING, I HOPE!!
I NEVER JOKE WHEN I'M WORKING! NEVER EVER!!
SAINT NICHOLAS! HAPPY EASTER! VIVA PÉTAIN!
WHAT IS ALL THAT!?
IT'S THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR! SHE HAS A SHOUTING FIT AT LEAST THREE TIMES A DAY...
I'M A MARRIED WOMAN!! DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE A CHILD!!
BASTARDS! PRICKS!
VLAM!!
AND THE SQUEAKING BEDS! SAINT LOUIS! SARAJEVO!
IT SOUNDS FUNNY WHEN YOU FIRST HEAR IT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY EVERYONE IN THE BUILDING IS A LITTLE LIKE THAT.
PÉTAIN! LOUIS XVI! LADY DI!!
2

HUNH ?...
MISTER STROY DEARTH? POLICE. DID YOU KNOW YOUR CONCIERGE HAS BEEN KILLED?
CONCIERGE? PHOOEY! THE OLD WHORE!
FUCK OFF
DESTROY this world de merde!
SPLUT!
ROTTE VIEUX BOURGEOIS
YOU DIDN'T LIKE HER AT ALL THEN. DID YOU HAVE ANY GRIEVANCE AGAINST HER?
PTHRPP! THE OLD SLUT!!
FUCK OF
DESTROY THIS WORLD de merde!!
WHAT WAS THIS WORTHY WOMAN'S REPUTATION HERE IN THE BUILDING?
PIG OF A CONCIERGE!! DESTROY THE CONCIERGE!! CONCIERGE OF MERDE!!
OKAY! OKAY! YOU HAVE AN ALIBI FOR LAST NIGHT, I SUPPOSE?
FUCKING CONCIERGE! FUCKING CONCIERGE!
LET'S SEE... PIG OF A CONCIERGE... DESTROY THE CONCIERGE... CONCIERGE OF MAIRD...
SCHBING ~ BLANG ~ SCHBOM ~
FOR THE MOMENT, THAT YOUNG MAN IS NOT ENTIRELY FREE OF SUSPICION... ANYWAY, LET'S TRY THE NEIGHBORS...
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
POLICE. INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF...
A MURDER!! HELP! HELP!! POLICE!!
POLIIICE!!
BLAM!
BUT LADY, I AM THE POLICE!!
THE POLICE? ALREADY? MY, THAT WAS QUICK!
3

STRANGLED ? HOW HORRIBLE ! AND RIGHT IN MY OWN BUILDING !
BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT SURPRISED SOMEONE KILLED HER... NO ONE HERE COULD PUT UP WITH HER !
SOMETIMES SHE WOULD WAIT THREE DAYS TO BRING UP THE MAIL. UNTIL SHE THOUGHT THERE WAS ENOUGH! SHE WAS A NASTY ONE, ! SHE WAS, I'M TELLING YOU !
I WAS A CONCIERGE MYSELF, AND I DID MY JOB ! HERE, IT'S ME THAT SWEEPS THE STAIRS AND THE LANDING ! THAT WOMAN NEVER DID IT !
AND WHEN THE TOILET BRUSH DISAPPEARED, IT WAS ME THAT HAD TO TAKE UP A COLLECTION ON THE FLOOR TO BUY A NEW ONE !
SHE WAS A PORTUGUESE, BESIDES ! OH, I'M NOT A RACIST, MIND YOU ! I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO A WOP FOR TWENTY YEARS !
AND YOU HAVE AN ALIBI FOR LAST NIGHT ?
YOU... YOU SUSPECT ME ?!! I TOLD YOU, I'M AN HONEST, HARD-WORKING WOMAN ! I DO EVERY-THING AROUND HERE, MYSELF !
AND YOU HAVE AN ALIBI FOR LAST NIGHT !!
ME, I'M NOT LIKE THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THIS BUILDING ! THERES A CRAZY WOMAN, AN AMNESIAC, A HOOLIGAN, A SORCERESS, AND THAT SMARTY-PANTS DOWNSTAIRS !
AND YOU HAVE AN ALIBI FOR LAST NIGHT ?
WELL, YOU KNOW I SLEEP VERY SOUNDLY AT NIGHT ! I'VE TAKEN SLEEPING PILLS EVER SINCE THE WAR !
I HAVEN'T OFFERED YOU ANYTHING TO DRINK ! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME DEVERVAINATED VERBENA ?
NO, THANKS ! NO, THANKS ! I MUST BE GOING !
EITHER AN OLD HYPOCRITE, JEALOUS OF THE CONCIERGE, OR AN INNOCENT IDIOT ! COULD BE ANYTHING...
PSST !
4

COME HERE ! COME HERE !
LISTEN, I KNOW WHO KILLED THE CONCIERGE !
OH, YEAH ? WHO ?
THE SORCERESS !!
SORCERESS ? WHAT SORCERESS ?!
SHHH ! NOT SO LOUD !
THE LADY NEXT DOOR, SHE'S THE MURDERER... SHE PUTS DEAD ANIMALS IN FRONT OF PEOPLE'S DOORS... THE CONCIERGE WAS IN A BAD MOOD, SO SHE KILLED HER !
JUST TO AVOID SUSPICION, INSTEAD OF DEAD FROGS SHE WOULD PUT DEAD BOTTLES OUTSIDE IN FRONT OF PEOPLE'S DOORS !
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ! DID SHE KILL THE CONCIERGE BY PUTTING A SPELL ON HER, OR DID SHE STRANGLE HER SIMPLY AS PART OF HEXING THE NEIGHBORS ?
PIGEONS...
WHAT ? PIGEONS ?
THOSE PIGEONS ! PIGEONS ALL OVER THE PLACE !
CHAMBERLAIN ! ! ALL A MUSSOLINI ! BUNCH OF SYPHILITICS !
UH... WELL... GOOD-BYE, MA'M... !
ME, I'M MARRIED I HAVE THE RIGHT TO SIT DOWN !!
THE PERPLEXITY BOGGLES THE MIND ! ARE THEY ALL CRAZY, OR DID I JUST TAKE TOO MUCH ASPIRIN LAST NIGHT ?
5

ANY PROGRESS ON YOUR INVESTIGATION ?

WELL, YOUR NEIGHBORS ARE REALLY... PECULIAR...
MAIL

TOC!
TOC!
COULD YOU ANSWER THE DOOR, UNC'? MY HANDS ARE ALL WET!

YES ?

WHO IS IT ?
UH... WELL...

OH, IT'S MRS. LAMB!? LET ME TAKE CARE OF HER!

MRS. LAMB GETS LOST ON THE STAIRS NOW AND THEN AND HAS TO BE SHOWN BACK TO HER APARTMENT!

HERE YOU ARE, MRS. LAMB! THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE! DO YOU REMEMBER NOW ?

THE POOR THING DOESN'T HAVE ALL HER FACULTIES BUT SHE'S A NICE OLD LADY!

HAVE YOU SEEN EVERYONE IN THE BUILDING NOW ?
NO. I STILL HAVE TWO TO GO. WELL, ONE OF THEM IS MRS. LAMB... I SUPPOSE SHE'S TOLD ME ENOUGH ALREADY... THAT LEAVES ONE PERSON TO INTERVIEW!...

MRS. SORCERESS ?
6

COME IN. I WAS WAITING...
AHA! THE POWER OF DIVINATION?
NO JUST GOOD HEARING.
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING PEOPLE SAY, INSPECTOR PEOPLE ARE OFTEN TOO QUICK IN DRAWING CONCLUSIONS ABOUT OTHERS.
I CAN SEE HOW THE FACT THAT YOUR NAME IS ACTUALLY "SORCERESS" COULD CAUSE SOME PREJUDICE
OF COURSE! BUT DOES EVERYONE NAMED MILLER WORK IN A MILL?
AND THESE STORIES ABOUT DEAD ANIMALS IN FRONT OF PEOPLES DOORS?
THE SIMPLE-MINDED SOMETIME CONFUSE SORCERY WITH PEST CONTROL...
AND WHAT WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CONCIERGE?
NONE. HER AURA WAS UNHEALTHY AND HER IRISES WERE GLAZED
BUT DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF, INSPECTOR, IF I WERE TO KILL, I WOULD USE SUBTLER METHODS CARE FOR SOME MORE VIPER LIQUEUR?
FINE! NOW I'VE SEEN THEM ALL. WHAT I HAVE TO DO IS, FIND THE GUILTY ONE!
MY NIECE? CRIME RUNS IN THE FAMILY!!
THE FATHER, WORN OUT BY HIS DAUGHTER?
THE CRAZY LADY..
MRS. LAMB
AN ATTACK OF HOMICIDAL RAGE?
THE YOUNG PUNK, IDLE AND BITTER?
THE GABBY LADY
DETHRONED CONCIERGE AND JEALOUS!
IN HER BEWILDERMENT?
THE SORCERESS?
WHO LOVES THE OTHERWORLDLY!
AND THE THESIS OF SUICIDE?
AARG!
HMM. NOT TOO LIKELY..
THE RESULTS OF THE AUTOPSY, INSPECTOR
AH!!
LET'S SEE.. HMMM... WELL, OF COURSE!!
OPEN UP! POLICE! YOU'RE CORNERED!
WHO KILLED THE CONCIERGE? HM? HMM? YOU'LL FIND OUT WHEN YOU READ THE NEXT PAGE..
7

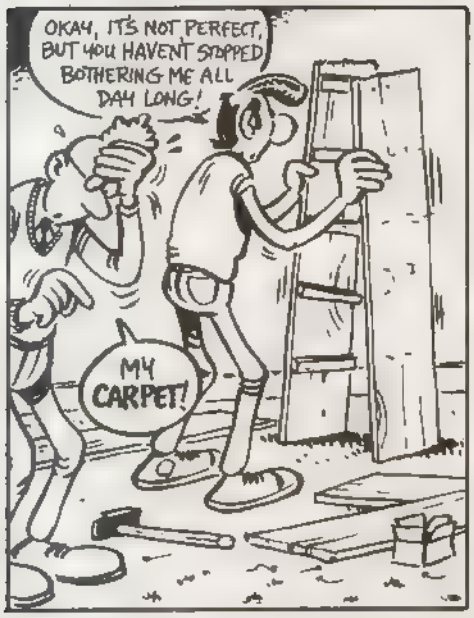
WHAT'S GOING ON ? HAVE WE ALREADY GOTTEN TO PAGE EIGHT !?
YEH ! TIME FLIES, EH ?
OKAY, THEN, I CONFESS I KILLED HER. HOW DID YOU FIND ME OUT ?
IT WAS SIMPLE ! THE AUTOPSY REVEALED THE PRESENCE OF CHEAP BEER IN THE VICTIM'S STOMACH. SHE NORMALLY DRANK ONLY CHEAP WINE, AND YOU ARE THE ONLY BEER-DRINKER I KNOW OF IN THE BUILDING !
I LOVED HER INSPECTOR ! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ? THE WOMAN FASCINATED ME SHE HAD SO MUCH HATRED AND BITTERNESS INSIDE !
I HAD NEVER MET SUCH A NEGATIVE PERSON ! SHE HATED EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY ! NOT A SINGLE GOOD THING ABOUT HER ! WHAT A RÔLE-MODEL FOR A PUNK !
ONE DAY, SHE EVEN PUT EVERYONE'S MAIL IN THE GARBAGE ! HOW COULD YOU HELP BUT ADMIRE A WOMAN LIKE THAT ?
YESTERDAY EVENING I BROKE DOWN AND KNOCKED ON HER DOOR TO OFFER HER A BEER AND TELL HER I LOVED HER...
SHE LAUGHED IN MY FACE ! I WENT CRAZY AND GRABBED HER BY THE THROAT... AND SQUEEZED.. AND SQUEEZED..
AND SQUEEZED !!
THE KID HAD ALREADY HAD ENOUGH PUNISHMENT, LOSING THE ONLY THING IN LIFE IN WHICH HE WAS PREPARED TO BELIEVE.
A PRISON SENTENCE WOULD ONLY HAVE MADE A PERVERT OUT OF HIM ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE
I KEPT THE RESULTS OF THE INQUIRY TO MYSELF AND CONSIDERED THE MATTER CLOSED.
THIRET 6 86
END

THE "YOU AIN'T SAWED NOTHIN YET" SERIES: TODAY
LUCIEN HELPS OUT
BY F. margerin
TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOOKCASES WE'RE GOING TO BUY TO PUT ALL OUR BOOKS IN... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM?
NOT BAD, HUH?
HUNH?! YOU'RE CRAZY!! THESE THINGS WILL COST YOU A FORTUNE! AND THEY'RE NOTHING SPECIAL!
YOU MUST HAVE MONEY TO THROW AWAY!
THEY'RE DEFINITELY NOT FREE!
YOU'RE WELL AWARE THAT ALBERT ISN'T A DO-IT-YOUR-SELF FAN!
LOOK, IF YOU WANT ME TO HELP OUT, I'D BE GLAD TO BUILD YOUR BOOKSHELVES FOR YOU...
AND I GUARANTEE THEY'LL BE A LOT CHEAPER!
THAT EVENING..
WHY BUY WHAT YOU CAN FIND FOR FREE?
ONCE THESE PLANKS ARE PLANED, SANDED AND VARNISHED THEY'LL BE PERFECT!
THE NEXT MORNING..
OH, IT'S YOU - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE ROTTEN BOARDS, MAY I ASK?
THESE? ROTTEN? WELL, AT THIS PRICE, YOU CANT EXPECT TO FIND ANYTHING BETTER!
SQUEEE
BAM
BANG
INSTEAD OF CRITICIZING HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN AND BRINGING UP THE REST!
WHEW! IF YOU TOOK OFF THESE SPLINTERED ENDS, THEY WOULD BE A WHOLE LOT LIGHTER..
CLANK!
CRASH TINKLE
OH NO! SOMETHING BROKEN ALREADY!
MY LIGHT FIXTURE!
CRACK!
I DIDN'T SEE THE DAMN THING!
YOU CAN GET ANOTHER ONE AT THE FLEA MARKET!
WELL THEN, THE FOURTH IS GETTING OFF EASY! NOW GO GET ME A SAW!
LISTEN, THAT LIGHT FIXTURE HAS BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR THREE GENERATIONS!
BONK!
HEY INSTEAD OF JUST STANDING AROUND DOING NOTHING, YOU COULD SAND THOSE PLANKS A LITTLE BIT!
I'M TRYING TO HELP, BUT I DON'T WANT TO COMPLETELY WRECK MY HANDS!
1

HEY! THAT'S REALLY FUNNY! I SAWED THROUGH THE CHAIR AT THE SAME TIME!
WHAT?!
RUB RUB
RUB RUB

GREAT, LUCIEN!
NOW YOU'VE BROKEN A LIGHT FIXTURE, A VASE, A PICTURE AND A CHAIR!
BAM BAM BAM BAM
YOUR SHELVES ARE STARTING TO GET VERY EXPENSIVE!

YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR FROM JOSIANE WHEN SHE GET'S BACK!
WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH SHOUTING AT ME YOU MIGHT HELP ME PULL UP THIS PLANK..
THE NAILS WERE TOO LONG!


OKAY, IT'S NOT PERFECT, BUT YOU HAVENT STOPPED BOTHERING ME ALL DAY LONG!
MY CARPET!

THERE, IT'S ALMOST FINISHED! YOU CAN MAKE THE FINE ADJUSTMENTS YOURSELF!
YOU CAN GO GET YOUR BOOKS!
YOU'RE SURE I CAN LET GO?
SQUEEK
TAP TAP TAP TAP
AND OPEN UP SOME CHAMPAGNE!

ER, UH. IS IT NORMAL FOR IT TO MOVE LIKE THAT? I'M NOT REALLY SURE.
IT'S OKAY!
SQUEEAK SQUEEAK
WHEN IT'S FULL OF BOOKS IT'LL QUIT THAT WOBBLING!

OKAY NOW, WHAT DO YOU TH...
CREEEAKKK
SQUEEEAK
AAAARGH!!
CLUNK
BAM

HA HA HA! I'M REALLY OUT OF IT TODAY! I FORGOT TO ATTACH A CROSS-BRACE ACROSS THE BACK TO STEADY IT!
ANYWAY, NOW THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO DO IT, YOU CAN PROBABLY DO THE JOB BY YOURSELF!

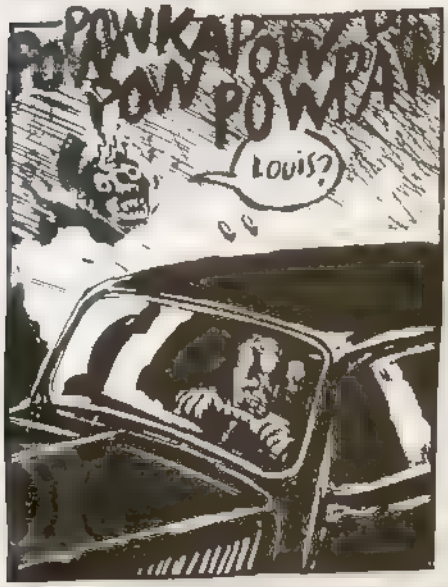
TEN MINUTES LATER...
ALBERT! STOP! I'LL FIX THE SHELVES! I SWEAR!
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
ABOVE ALL, DON'T FORGET THE CROSS-BRACES!
WELL WELL! I'M REALLY GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FINALLY MAKING YOURSELF HANDY!!
END

# A BIT OF HISTORY

WINE & HARDS

WINE &
THERE HE IS! R GHT ON TIME!
SORRY TO HAVE TO THROW YOU OUT, HELMUT BUT I HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR THE CURFEW!
ACH! DER VAR ISS VVERY BAD TING!

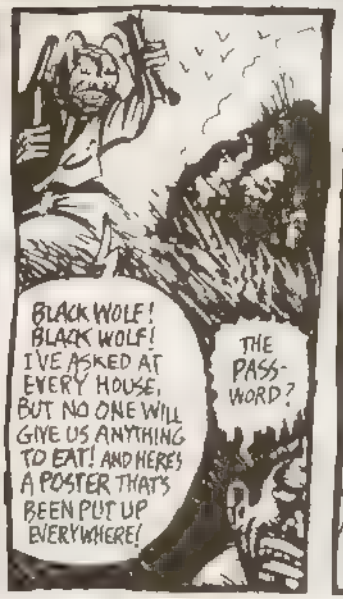
GO!
HUHH? DAS ISS DER CAR OF LOUIS! HEY, LOUIS! YOU DRINK WITH HELMUT HOKAY?

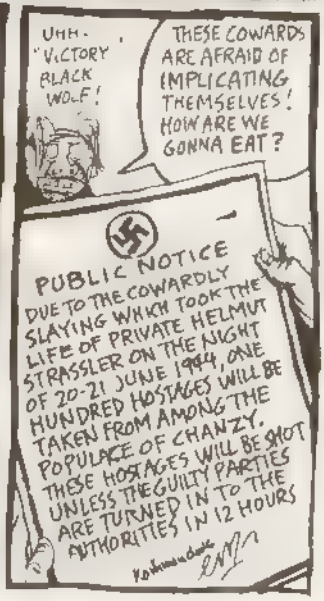

POWKA POW YOW POW PAW
LOUIS?

POW!
HE'S HAD IT NOW! LET'S GO!
UHHH HELMUT NOT FEEL GOOD

HEAD FOR THE MAQUIS! OPERATION COBRA IS BORN!

QUIT SULKING, JACKAL! WE HAVE DELIVERED A SACRED BLOW TO THE JERRY'S MORALE! HAVE A DRINK!
BARF BARF
GZ
GZ


BLACK WOLF! BLACK WOLF! I'VE ASKED AT EVERY HOUSE, BUT NO ONE WILL GIVE US ANYTHING TO EAT! AND HERE'S A POSTER THAT'S BEEN PUT UP EVERYWHERE!
THE PASS-WORD?


UHH - "VICTORY BLACK WOLF!
THESE COWARDS ARE AFRAID OF IMPLICATING THEMSELVES! HOW ARE WE GONNA EAT?
PUBLIC NOTICE
DUE TO THE COWARDLY SLAYING WHICH TOOK THE LIFE OF PRIVATE HELMUT STRASSLER ON THE NIGHT OF 20-21 JUNE 1944, ONE HUNDRED HOSTAGES WILL BE TAKEN FROM AMONG THE POPULACE OF CHANZY. THESE HOSTAGES WILL BE SHOT UNLESS THE GUILTY PARTIES ARE TURNED IN TO THE AUTHORITIES IN 12 HOURS

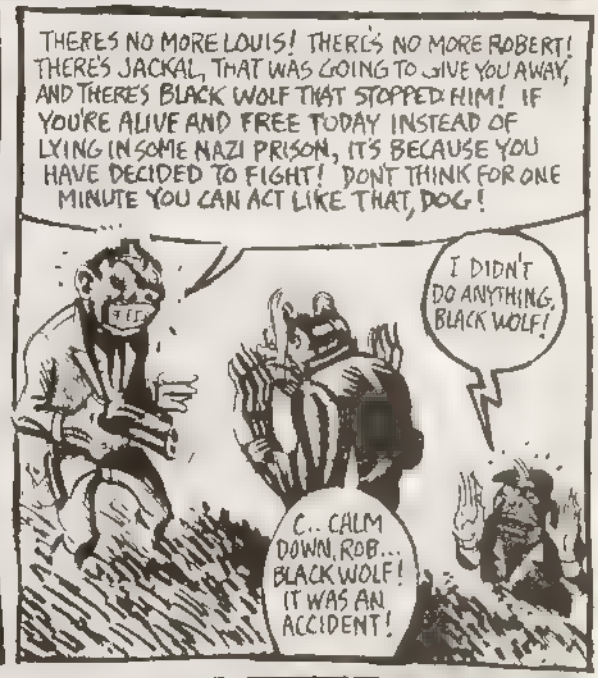
IF YOU WANT MY ADVICE, BLACK WOLF, THEY AREN'T WORTH FIGHTING FOR!
SHIT! WHAT A BUNCH OF JEWS! THEY THINK THEY RUN THE WORLD
FASCIST SWINE! WE DID RIGHT TO TAKE TO THE BUSH! THE STRUGGLE HAS JUST BEGUN, MY LADS!
MY GOD! MY WIFE - MY KID!

THE VILLAGE ONLY HAS A POPULATION OF A HUNDRED AND FOUR! WITH US HERE, THAT LEAVES NOBODY AT ALL!
THAT'LL CLOSE THE GROCERY STORE FOR SURE!
?
JOSETTE! PIERROT!
GALLOP GALLOP

IN GOD'S NAME! JACKAL! GET BACK HERE!

POW! POW!
ROBERT! NO! DON'T BE A FOOL!
AIEE!

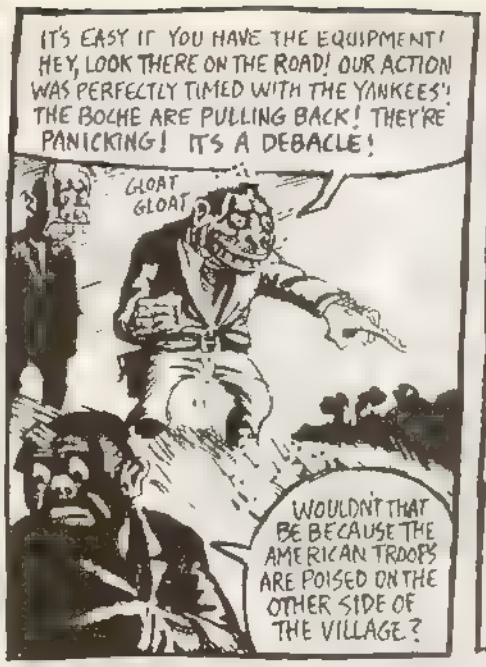
THATS HOW TRAITORS ALWAYS END UP!
YOU. YOU'VE GONE A BIT TOO FAR, ROBERT!
LOUIS!

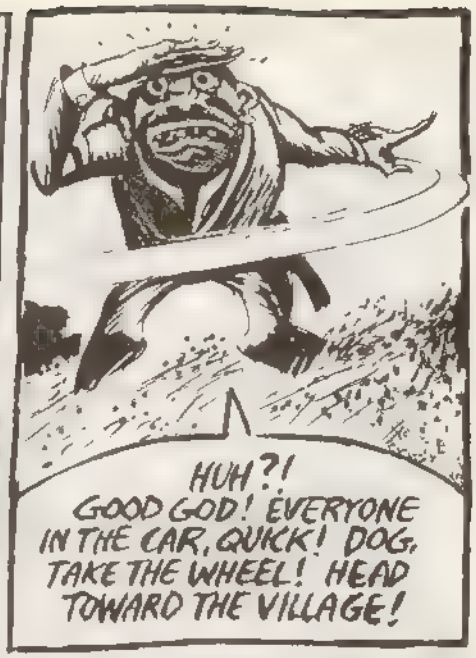

THERES NO MORE LOUIS! THERE'S NO MORE ROBERT! THERE'S JACKAL, THAT WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU AWAY, AND THERE'S BLACK WOLF THAT STOPPED HIM! IF YOU'RE ALIVE AND FREE TODAY INSTEAD OF LYING IN SOME NAZI PRISON, IT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVE DECIDED TO FIGHT! DON'T THINK FOR ONE MINUTE YOU CAN ACT LIKE THAT, DOG!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, BLACK WOLF!
C.. CALM DOWN, ROB... BLACK WOLF! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

SHIT, ANYWAY! IF HE DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE HIS WIFE, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED! DO YOU SEE ME MARRIED?
WHORES! WHORES!
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
GOOD GOD! LOOK!

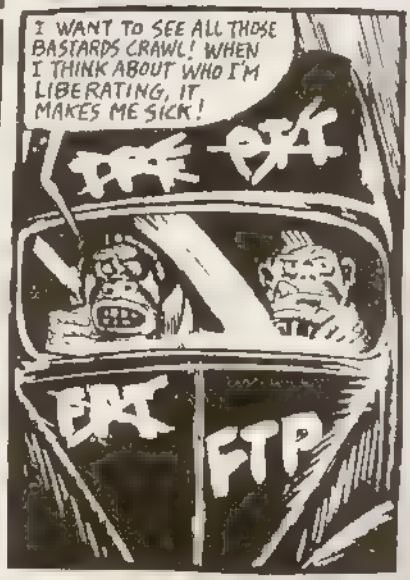
THE AMERICANS! THEY'VE COME TO FINISH THE JOB!

RIGHT ON TOP OF THE GERMAN INSTALLATIONS! WHAT PRECISION!
THEIR PRECISION DOESN'T IMPRESS ME! WE DIDN'T MISS THAT KRAUT LAST NIGHT, DID WE?
WHAT CLASS!

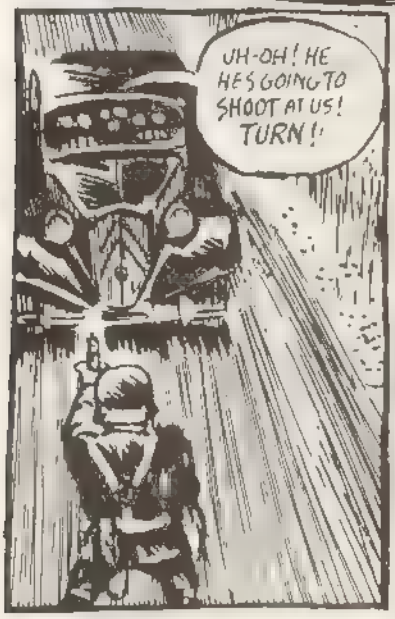

IT'S EASY IF YOU HAVE THE EQUIPMENT! HEY, LOOK THERE ON THE ROAD! OUR ACTION WAS PERFECTLY TIMED WITH THE YANKEES! THE BOCHE ARE PULLING BACK! THEY'RE PANICKING! IT'S A DEBACLE!
GLOAT GLOAT
WOULDN'T THAT BE BECAUSE THE AMERICAN TROOPS ARE POISED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE?


HUH?! GOOD GOD! EVERYONE IN THE CAR, QUICK! DOG, TAKE THE WHEEL! HEAD TOWARD THE VILLAGE!

THEY'LL GET ALL THE CREDIT! WE HAVE TO GET THERE FIRST! FASTER!

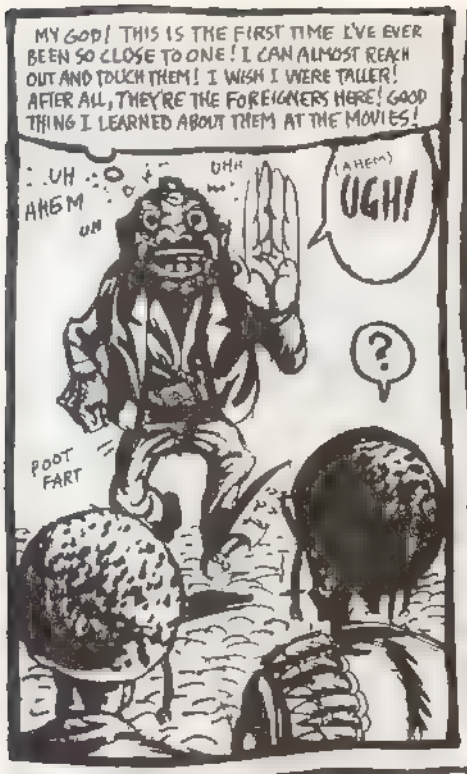

I WANT TO SEE ALL THOSE BASTARDS CRAWL! WHEN I THINK ABOUT WHO I'M LIBERATING, IT MAKES ME SICK!
FTP
FTP
FTP

THERE'S A KRAUT! RUN OVER HIM!


UH-OH! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT AT US! TURN!

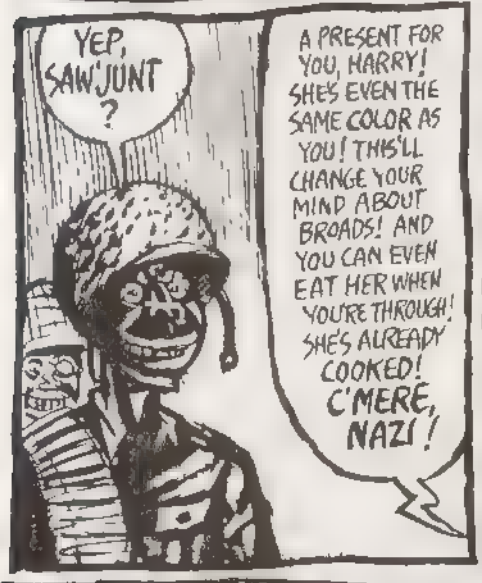
GOOD GOD, DOG! YOUR ACTION SAVED OUR LIVES!

HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF LIKE A HERO! IN THE MOST COMPLETE ANONYMITY!
HIS FAMILY DOESN'T CARE, BUT JACKAL'S FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT HE SACRIFICED THEIR CAR, THE JERK! WE STILL HAVE TWO KILOMETERS TO GO!
SHIT! NOBODY HERE! WE'RE TOO LATE! THEY'RE ALL WITH THE AMERICANS ALREADY.
IT'S EASY FOR THEM WITH THEIR DAMNED CHEWING GUM!
LOOK! HERE COMES SOMEONE, CRAWLING!!
AFTER ALL WE DID...
GURGL!
GOOD GOD! IT'S JACKAL'S WIFE!!! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? SHE'S HALF BURNT UP!!!
THE BITCH IS IN HEAT! ALL WOMEN ACT LIKE THAT WHEN THEY'RE LIBERATED! WHORES!
BLUBBER BLUBBER
MY GOD AGH
SOB SOB SOB
SCRAPE SCRAPE
EVERYONE.. DEAD... THE GERMANS TOOK EVERYBODY AWAY.. BUT. BUT I TALKED! THEN THE COMMANDANT WAS GOING TO LET US GO, BUT... MY GOD! THE NOISE!! FIRE! EVERYWHERE!! BOOM! BOOM! POOR LITTLE PIERROT
?
?
SOB SOB
NOBODY! NOT ONE CHICK! IT WASN'T WORTH US RISKING OUR HIDES BY NOT BOMBARDING THIS FUCKING BURG!
THERE'S ONE PLACE OPEN AT LEAST, SERGEANT!
ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK
FIGARO'S PARISIAN STYLE HAIRDRESSING MEN WOMEN
THE GIRLS ARE STILL BUSY MAKING THEMSELVES PRETTY FOR US!
FILTHY COLLABORATOR! YOU'RE EVEN MARRIED TO A TRAITOR! YOU DESERVE A BULLET IN THE HEAD, BUT THAT WOULD BE GOING TOO EASY ON YOU! INSTEAD, YOU CAN TAKE PART IN THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY!
ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK ZAK
OH, MY GOD! BLACK WOLF! TH THE AMERICANS!
ANYBODY HERE?
KEEP AN EYE ON HER WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THE JOINING OF THE FORCES!


MY GOD! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN SO CLOSE TO ONE! I CAN ALMOST REACH OUT AND TOUCH THEM! I WISH I WERE TALLER! AFTER ALL, THEY'RE THE FOREIGNERS HERE! GOOD THING I LEARNED ABOUT THEM AT THE MOVIES!
UH AHEM
UHH
UN
(AHEM)
UGH!
?
POOT FART

I DON'T GET A DAMN THING HE SAYS, SERGEANT! WHAT DOES HE WANT? TO GET FUCKED? HAR!!
HAW! HAW HAW! AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL, OUR HERO HERE HAS CAPTURED A FEMALE TRAITOR! LET'S GO SEE!
GA
GZ
BLOMO
AG!

WE GIVE HER TO YOU!! BECAUSE YOU HELP US MUCH!!
HAR! TOO WELL-DONE FOR ME!
SHE'S JUST RIGHT FOR HARRY! AND BESIDES, HARRY HASN'T FUCKED ANYONE SINCE WE LANDED IN THIS GODDAM COUNTRY! HEY! HARRY!


YEP, SAW'JUNT ?
A PRESENT FOR YOU, HARRY! SHE'S EVEN THE SAME COLOR AS YOU! THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT BROADS! AND YOU CAN EVEN EAT HER WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH! SHE'S ALREADY COOKED! C'MERE, NAZI!

COME ON, HARRY! SAY GOOD-BYE TO EVERYBODY! WE'RE PULLING OUT!
THANK Y'ALL, MENS! HERE SOME CHEWIN' GUMS! COME ON, LE'S GO, HONEY!
TOK

NO! PLEASE! LET ME BE!
YO IS NOT ONLY UGLY, HONEY, BUT YO'S A RACIST, TOO!
HAW! THAT DAMN HARRY!
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!

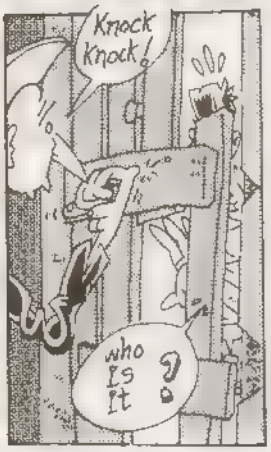
ON THE CONTRARY! OUR FIGHT HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN! WE CAN'T LET A DAMN NIGGER AND A FUCKING WHORE HAVE THE JOB OF REPOPULATING THE COUNTRY! THAT WILL BE OUR NEW TASK! FIRST, OUR VILLAGE! SINCE WE ARE BUT TWO, THE STRUGGLE WILL BE HARSH AND PAINFUL AT FIRST! IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO MAKE MANY A SACRIFICE! BUT ONE DAY WE SHALL SEE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL!
?

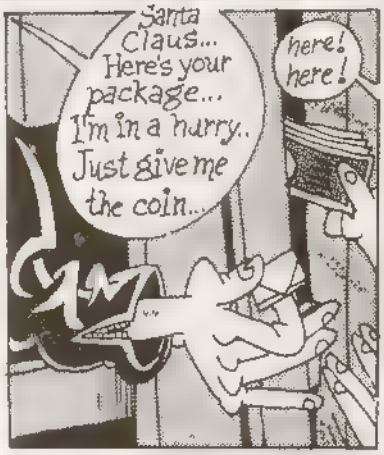
ER. UH. I'M AFRAID THAT A BLACK WOLF AND A LYNX, UH. IT DOESN'T WORK. COUGH. WAIT THERE A MINUTE, I'LL GO LOOK IT UP IN THE DICTIONARY . . .
NEVER MIND! THAT'S ALL OVER NOW! YOU CAN CALL ME BOB!

SQUAT
Refuge
BY PIERRE OVIN
No way the government's gonna pay my way this winter! I'll have to put myself up in this friendly little squat..
Home Sweet Home
With bloodin

but it's cold at night! I have to think about heating.. For tonight I've got...

VLAM!
.a plan! And it's easy, I don't have to go far, just climb a flight of stairs, eh, pussy?
meeeow!!


Knock Knock!
who is it?


Santa Claus... Here's your package... I'm in a hurry.. Just give me the coin...
here! here!

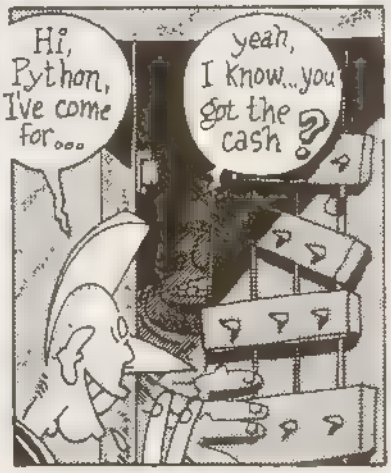
arf
arf
arf
arf
arf
ok let's go so long Bloodi, you're a pal come by whenever you want bring your wife your dog whatever

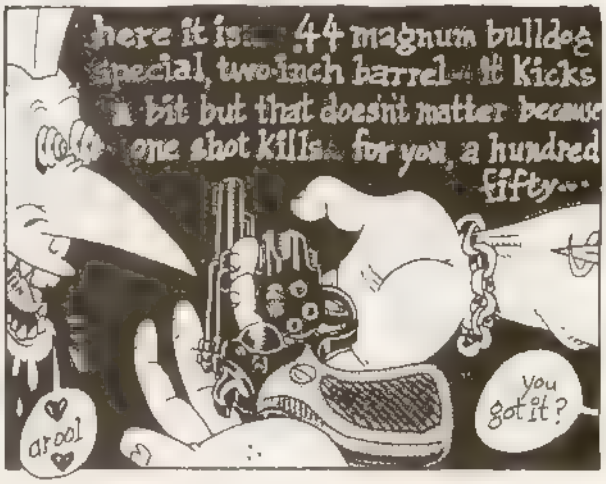
In we go!
WHOOSH

this stuff's weird... I don't feel anyth..

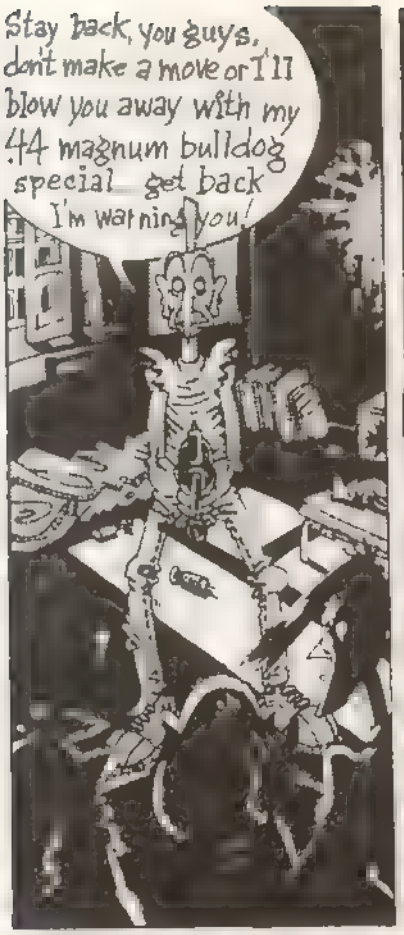
arrrrrgggh! the son of a bitch burned me! I've shot up soap!
arrgh
arrrgh!
the bastard!

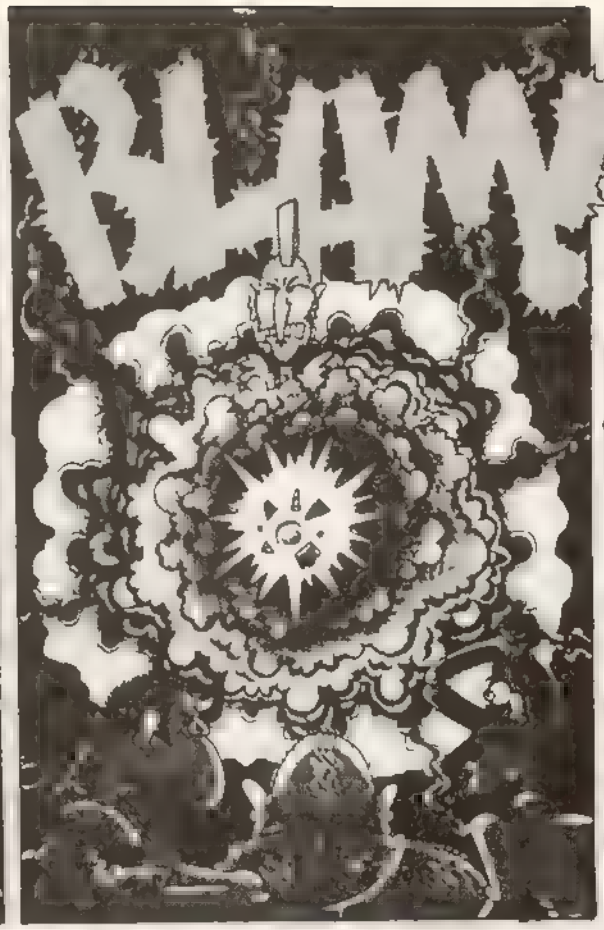
mustn't fritter away all this good money! This time I'll invest it!


Hi, Python, I've come for...
yeah, I know...you got the cash?

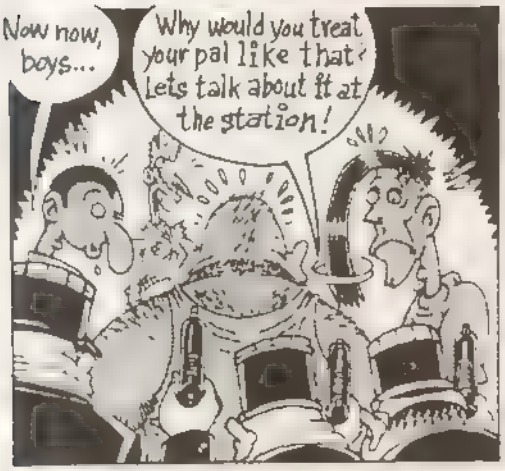

here it is... .44 magnum bulldog special, two-inch barrel... it kicks a bit but that doesn't matter because one shot kills... for you, a hundred fifty...
you got it?
cool

sure I got th cash! Let's do it! I got ta run!
got things to do! Bye!
you got CASH?
real cash?
super!
?
rub
rub rub
rub
TNT
COUNTERFEIT
HE GAVE ME FAKE BILLS
last step, to rip off the ripoff artist..
Merry Christmas, Mickey! Let me have that white stuff on the table, or I'll turn your carpet red!
MICKEY DEALER
don't shoot, Bloodi! You can have it all!
shit! he recognized me!
... but I don't care, I've got a gun!
I'm number one!
let's get nice and clean... the purer, the quicker!!
BAWWWM!
ooh yas!
pop
pssss
? hunh!? What's going on? Nothing's happening!
Now I get it! that bastard gave me a pile of LACTOSE!!
people are disgusting! you can't trust anyone any more!
I'm gonna let that faggot have it!
greetings, you fucking asshole


Stay back, you guys, don't make a move or I'll blow you away with my .44 magnum bulldog special... get back I'm warning you!


BLAM

heh heh magnum cartridges, but a plugged barrel. Its a fake, just like your money!
and your dope!
what can we do real bad to him?
all right, you double crosser!


Now now, boys...
Why would you treat your pal like that? Lets talk about it at the station!

I don't know why they give you more time for fake stuff than real. Quit making faces...

32473-12-B1... Christmas package!

a package for me? That's nice I wonder who it could be fr.

YO-YO-RE

Good ol chief!
those fake packages are a riot!
32473-12, Clean up that cell right away or it'll be three more days!
come on, Raymond, let's do the next one!!
END

MERDELEY
COMIX FEST.
in ANGOULÊME!
BY JcMenu 85
RETARDS
VROOM!
MONGOLOID TRAVELS
ANGOUGOU
GRU GRU
BLUU KLUH
GRUNT
COMICS
BARF
KUARF
KLURGL
BARF
GRU
GRUNT
GRU
?!
BUH
GERS
Cigar .10$
ANNESTY
COW BOY MAGAZINE
YOUR CARICATURE IN 15 seconds
SHRRRK
LAPOT
WAH
WAH
BLUUH ?
UUH ?
LAPOT
What MERDELEY sees.
WAH
WAH
UUH!
GRU
GRU
GRU
THIRD WORLD
POORS
FOR SALE

* sound of heart breaking

...let's end it here.

ACHILLES

DORCUS

PROAXIS

MENIPPUS

# Amazons

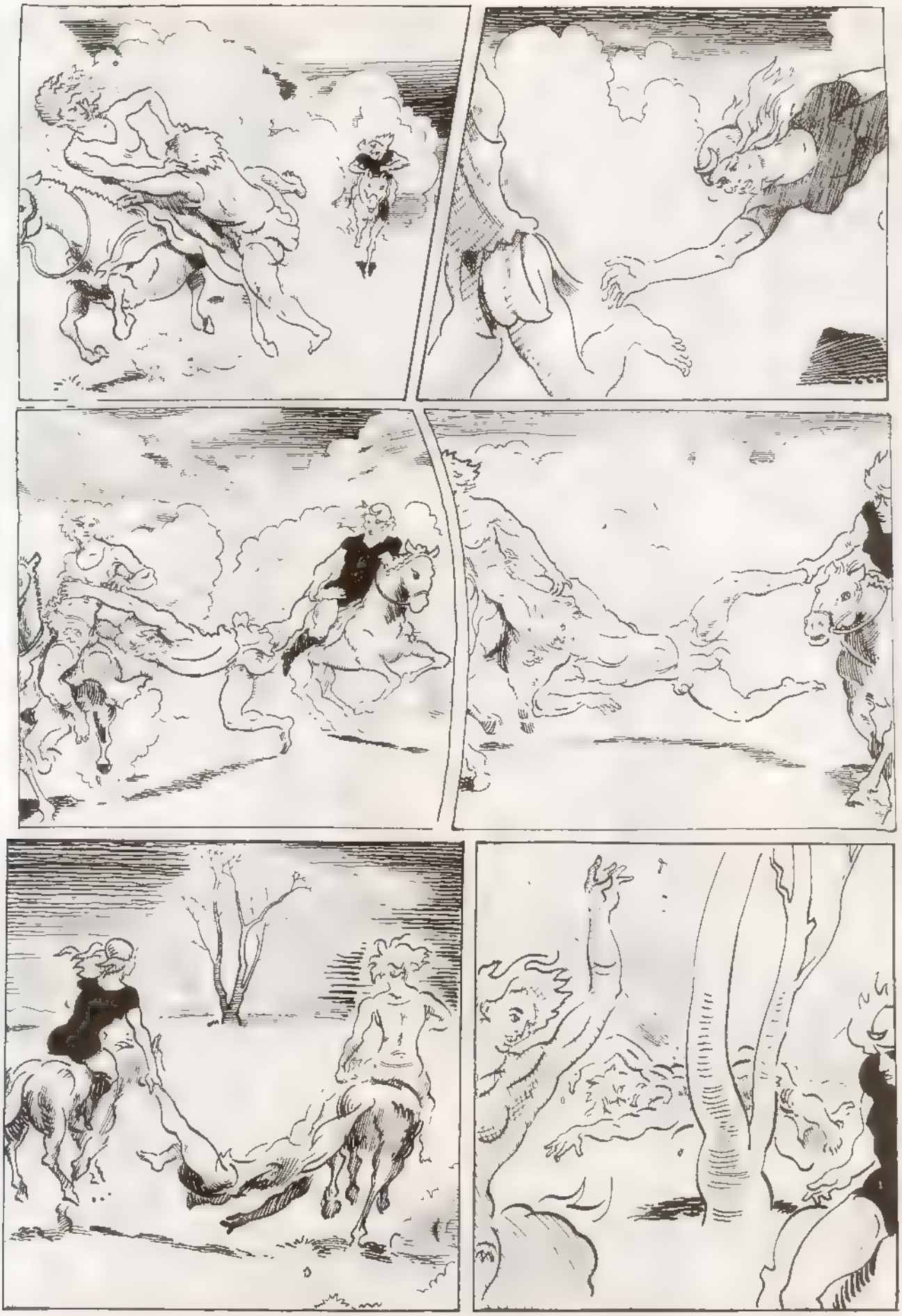
EPISODE TWO: ACHILLES AND EIGHT OF HIS MYRMIDON GREEKS ARE SURPRISED TO ENCOUNTER AMAZON WARRIORS SCOUTING FOR THEIR ENEMIES THE TROJANS. HOT HEADED PROAXIS, EMBARASSED IN THE INITIAL SKIRMISH AND FACING RIDICULE FROM HIS COMRADES CATCHES TAMARA OFF HER GUARD.

HIPPOLYTA

TAMARA

GLAUCE

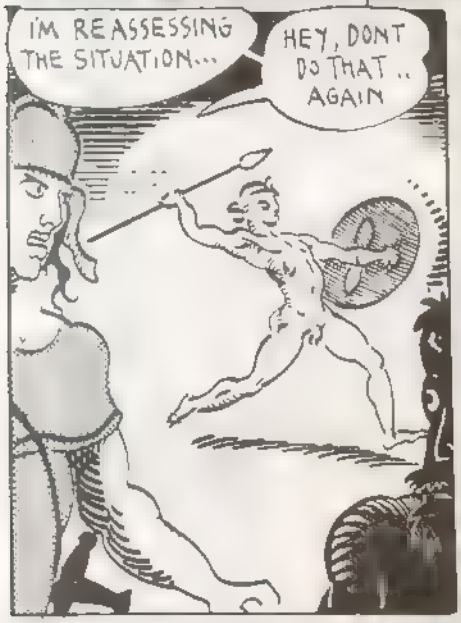
CLONIE



WHAT A DIRTY TRICK! HE WON'T BE MUCH GOOD FOR THE REST OF THE DAY!
WHAT NEXT!

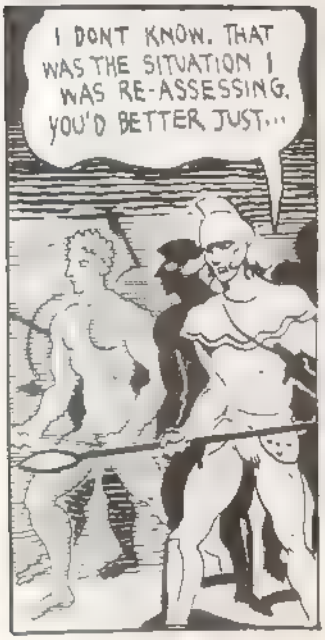
LETS GET 'EM !!!
ARE YOU NUTS LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, GREAT ACHILLES?

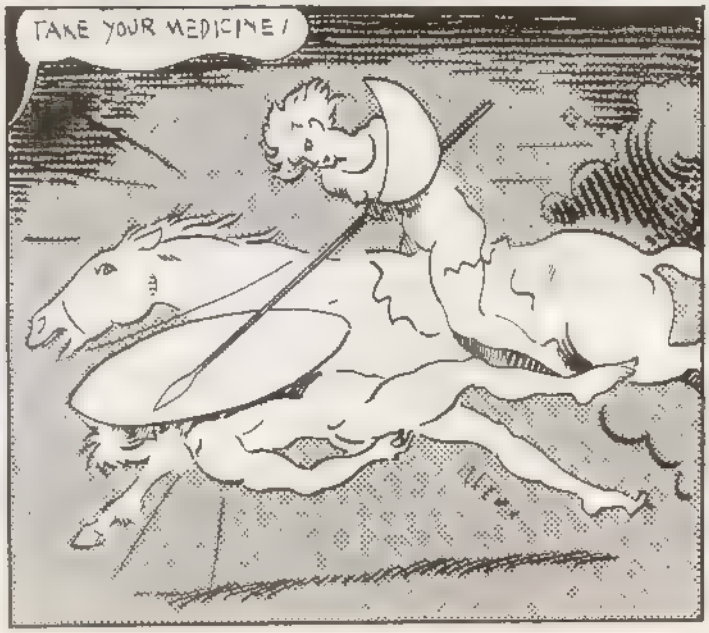
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO...
KICK ASS IS WHAT WE OUGHTA DO!


I'M REASSESSING THE SITUATION...
HEY, DONT DO THAT .. AGAIN

PROAXIS ALREADY TRIED THAT. ONCE YOU'VE THROWN YOUR SPEAR...
THEN YOU DON'T HAVE A WEAPON, YOU DUMB SHIT!

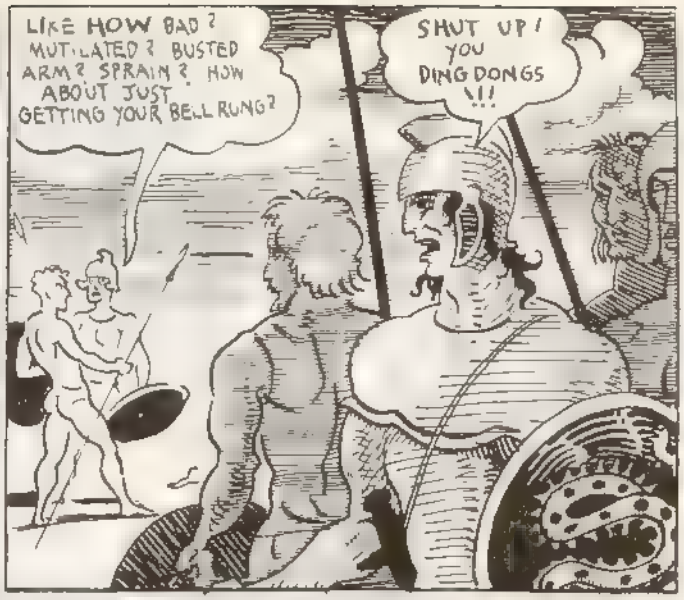
WHAT DO I DO NOW?


I DONT KNOW. THAT WAS THE SITUATION I WAS RE-ASSESSING. YOU'D BETTER JUST...


TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!

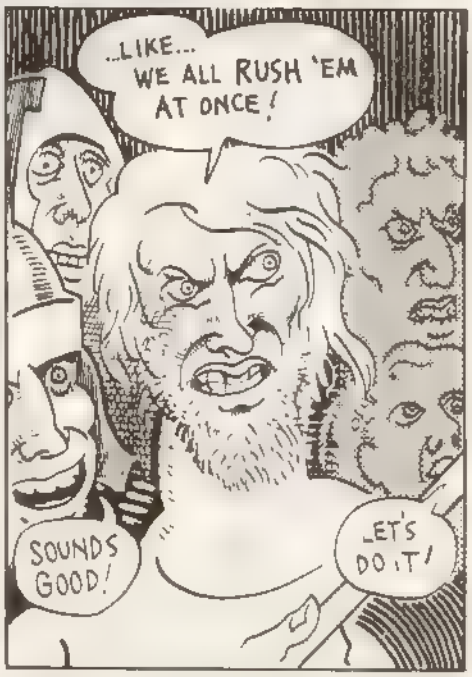
GEE THERES ANOTHER CASUALTY!
WHAT IS A CASUALTY ANYWAY?

DO YOU HAVE TO GET KILLED TO BE A CASUALTY OR CAN YOU JUST BE BUNGED UP REAL BAD?
IT HAS TO BE PRETTY BAD, MAN!

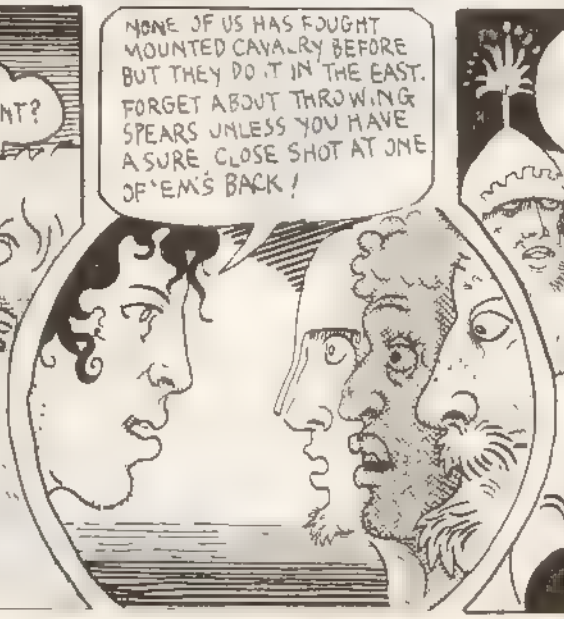

LIKE HOW BAD? MUTILATED? BUSTED ARM? SPRAIN? HOW ABOUT JUST GETTING YOUR BELL RUNG?
SHUT UP! YOU DING DONGS !!!

WILL WE HAVE TO CARRY THESE LIMP SUCKERS BACK TO CAMP?
I CAN'T TELL IF THEY'RE DEAD OR NOT!
THAT FATASS PROAXIS IS A HEAVY MOTHERFUCKER!
WE'VE GOT BIGGER WORRY THAN THAT. WE NEED A STRATEGY!

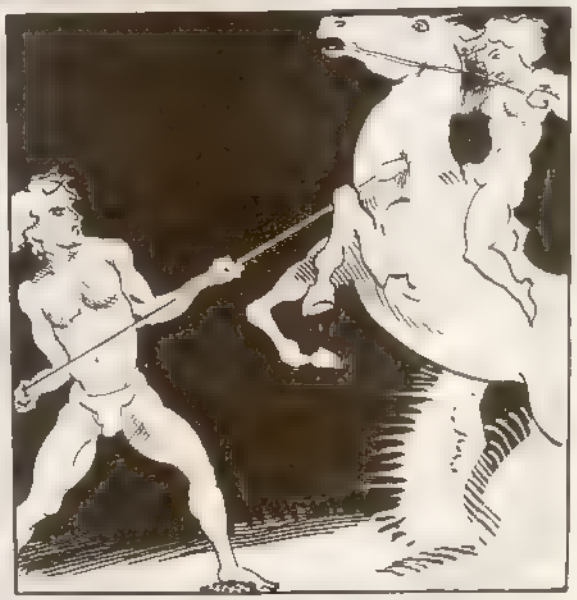
LIKE WHAT STRATEGY?
LIKE...


...LIKE... WE ALL RUSH 'EM AT ONCE!
SOUNDS GOOD!
LET'S DO IT!

THE WAY YOU GUYS DO IT THEY'D JUST KILL YOU ALL!
WHAT SHOULD WE DO DIFFERENT?


NONE OF US HAS FOUGHT MOUNTED CAVALRY BEFORE BUT THEY DO IT IN THE EAST. FORGET ABOUT THROWING SPEARS UNLESS YOU HAVE A SURE CLOSE SHOT AT ONE OF 'EM'S BACK!

IF THEY CHARGE YOU STAND YOUR GROUND. KEEP THE SPEAR-POINT FACING THEM. TRY TO KILL THE HORSE.
EASY TO SAY!

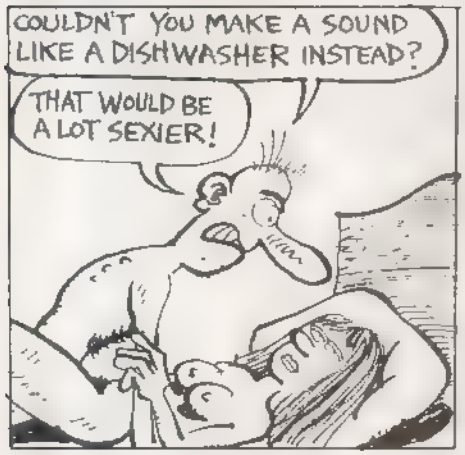


FINALLY! A PITCHED BATTLE! THE GREEK HEROS AGAINST THE FEMALE WARRIORS. TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

FOOH
FOOH

FOOH FOOH FOOH
FOOH FOOH FOOH

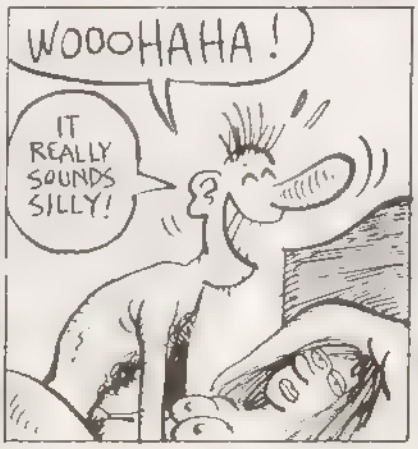
WHAT'S THIS 'FOOH'? I'D SWEAR I WAS SCREWING SOME SORT OF SELF-CENTERED EGOTIST!
FOOH?


COULDN'T YOU MAKE A SOUND LIKE A DISHWASHER INSTEAD?
THAT WOULD BE A LOT SEXIER!

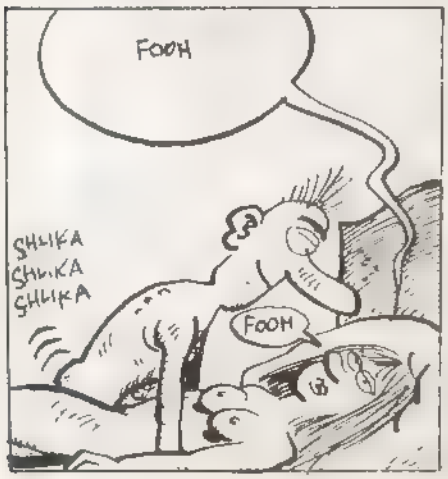
SHLIK SHLIK SHLIK
SHA-PLOOF
SHA-PLOOF

SHLIK TAK SHLIK TAK
SHLIK TAK
THAT'S THE SOUND OF THE SPINNER HITTING A PLATE EACH TIME AROUND!

BUT DARLING, I'M ONLY GOING 'FOOH' BECAUSE YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO GOOD!
THAT'S ALL!

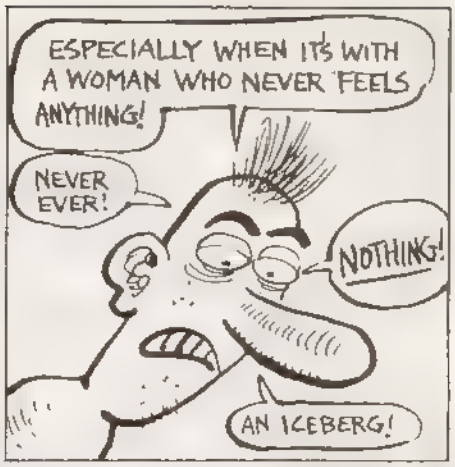

WOOOHAHA!
IT REALLY SOUNDS SILLY!

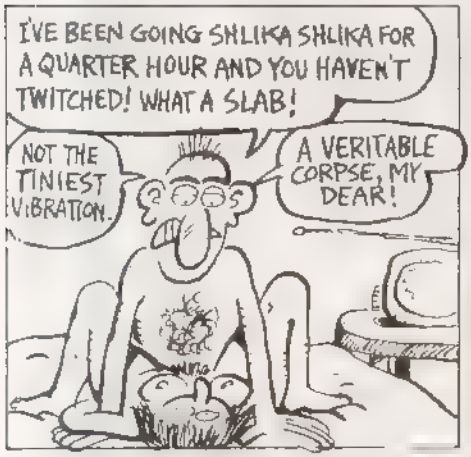
NO, I WAS JUST KIDDING! LET YOURSELF GO, MY DEAR!
GO ON
GO ON
FOOH
CUT LOOSE!

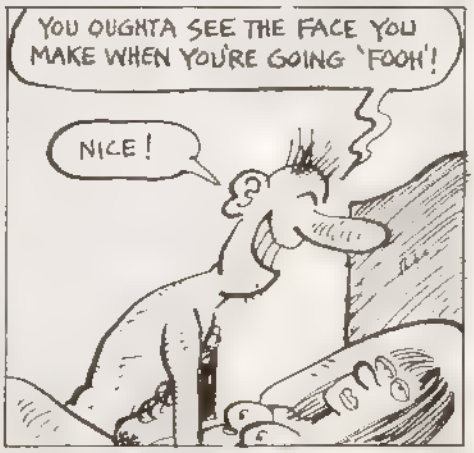

FOOH
SHLIKA SHLIKA SHLIKA
FOOH

FOOH FOOH FOOH
FOOH FOOH
FOOH

STUPID BITCH!
BAP
FOOH





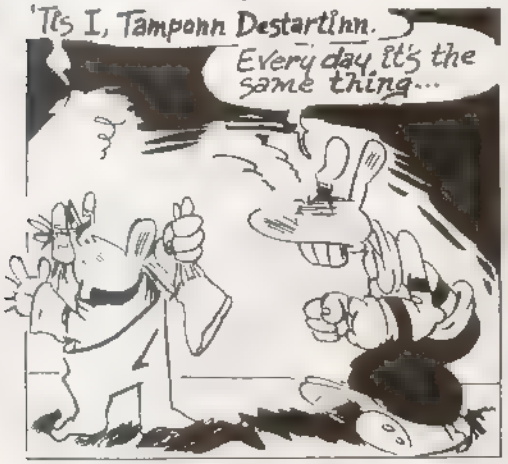
DISGUSTING FROM BEGINNING TO END! THE GUY THAT DID THIS MUST BE SICKO! POOR CLOWN.

DÉSIRÉ GOGUENEAU
in
STINKBALL
Charlie Schlingo

Today would be a good day to put on a horse suit!

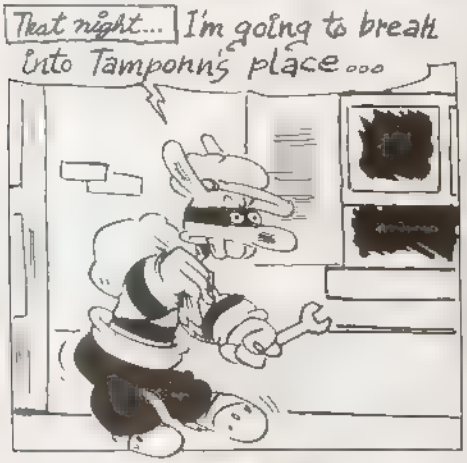
Suddenly..
Knocko Knocko
Someone's knocking on the door!

Hello, Désiré, I've already got on a horse costume!
Who are you?


'Tis I, Tamponn Destartinn.
Every day it's the same thing...

... As soon as I've decided to put on a horse disguise, he shows up already in costume...
What a chronic intimist!

Tamponn certainly has a knack, but I know how to stymie him!


That night...
I'm going to break into Tamponn's place...

Perfect! He's sleeping like a log!
SNORE SNORE!

The next morning...
AAAH! Today, I'm really gonna dress up like a horse!

Knocko Knocko
Ha ha! I knew it!

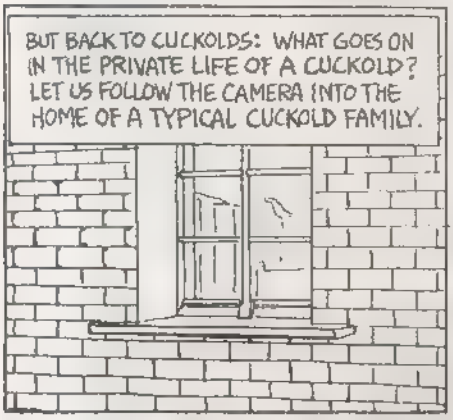
Greetings, Désiré! I dressed like a horse already!
No you didn't! Can't you see you're dressed as a mouse?

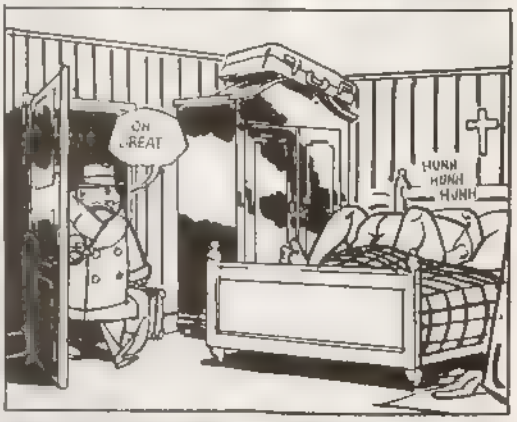
Last night I went to your place and simply replaced your horse disguise with the costume of a mouse!
Good heavens! I've lost!
End

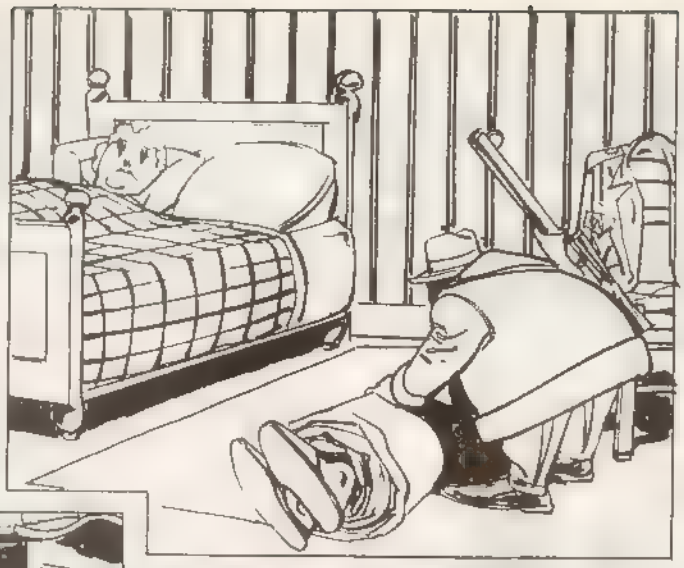
# CUCKOLDS

THE CUCKOLD WAS INVENTED BY A PRECOCIOUS CARTOONIST BY THE NAME OF BELLUS. FOR THE NON-SPECIALIST, WE MAY SAY SIMPLY THAT THE TERM REFERS ROUGHLY TO A PERSON WHO IS HOLDING ON TO ANOTHER PERSON, WHILE LOOKING AT A THIRD PERSON, AS IN THE PICTURE AT RIGHT.

A PRECOCIOUS CARTOONIST, BELLUS DID THIS DRAWING DURING HIS MILITARY SERVICE. HE WAS ONLY 18.



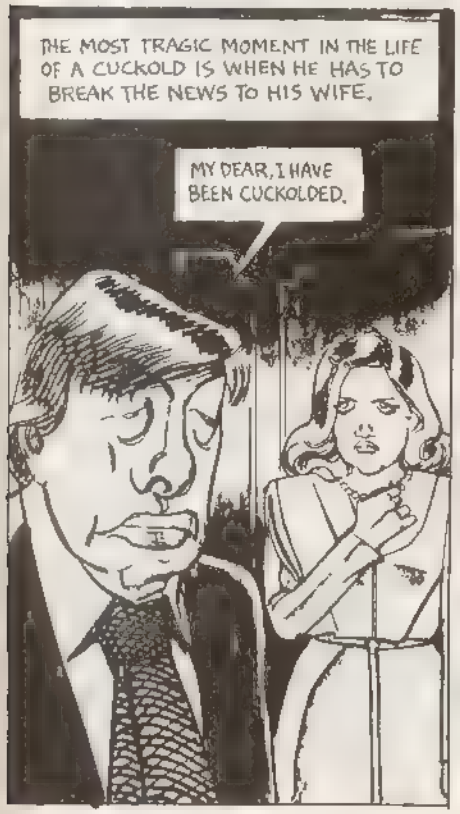


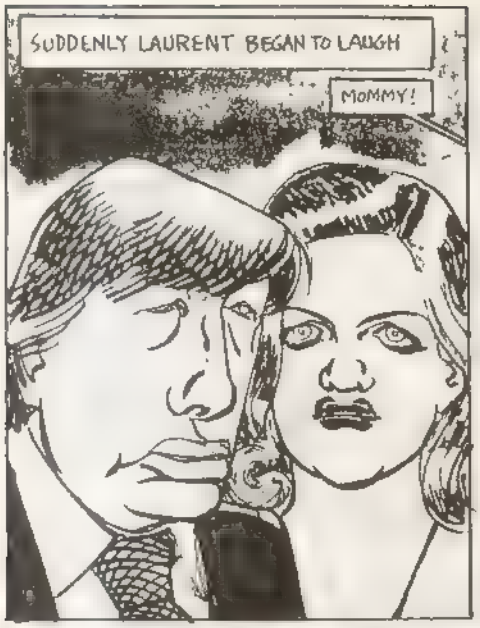


BUT LET'S SLIP AWAY FROM THIS SCENE, ON TIPTOE, FOR AT THIS POINT WE RISK BECOMING A BIT INDISCREET.

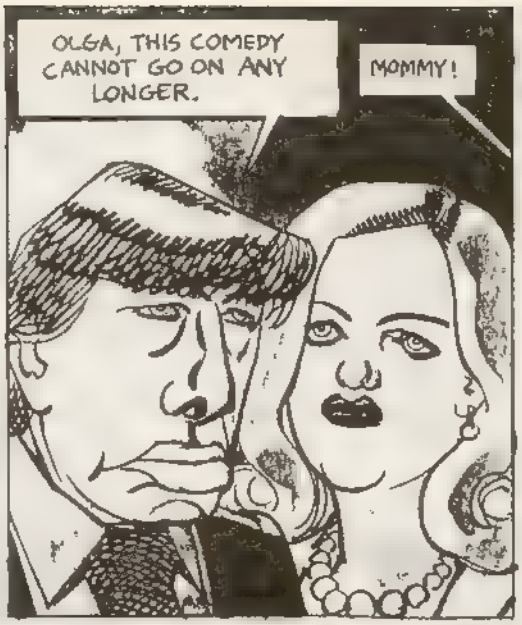
PUZZLE: AMONG THIS GROUP THERE IS A CUCKOLD. CAN YOU POINT HIM OUT?

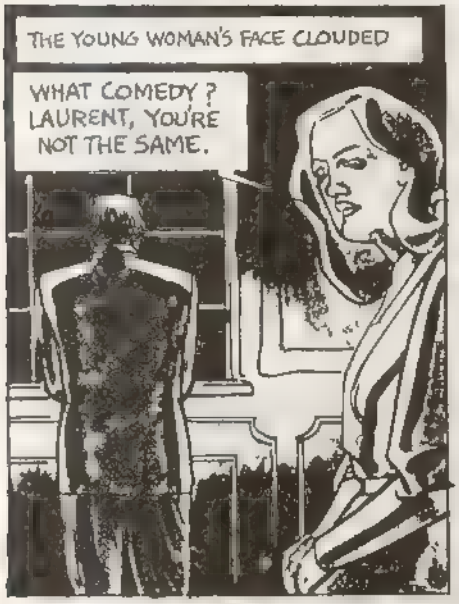
ANSWER: YOUD BETTER NOT.




SUDDENLY LAURENT BEGAN TO LAUGH
MOMMY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LAURENT?


OLGA, THIS COMEDY CANNOT GO ON ANY LONGER.
MOMMY!


THE YOUNG WOMAN'S FACE CLOUDED
WHAT COMEDY? LAURENT, YOU'RE NOT THE SAME.

THE HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR FLASHED IN THE NIGHT.

FOR SOME TIME NOW YOU'VE BEEN ACTING AS IF I DIDN'T EXIST.
PIERRE IS MORE ACCESSIBLE.
MOMMY, COME WIPE MY BOTTOM

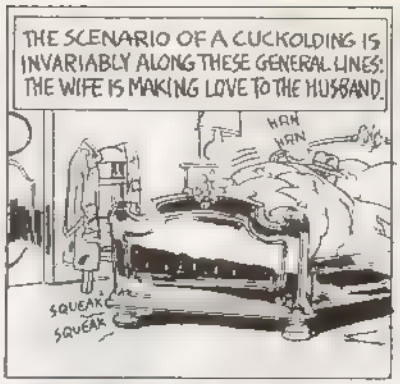
THE YOUNG MAN SEEMED PENSIVE.
WHY MIX PIERRE UP IN THIS? I KEEP TELLING YOU NOT TO MENTION MY BROTHER TO ME.
MOMMY, COME WIPE MY BOTTOM!
SHUT UP!

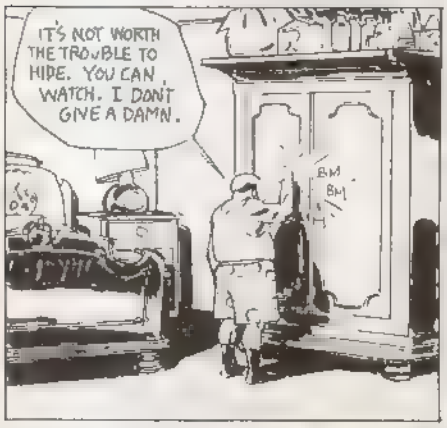
A STRANGE EMOTION SEIZED THE YOUNG WOMAN. WAS SHE ABOUT TO TELL HIM SOME SECRET?
MOMMY, COME WIPE MY BOTTOM!

SHUT YOUR DAMN FACE!!! CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE BEEN SEIZED BY A STRANGE EMOTION?
3

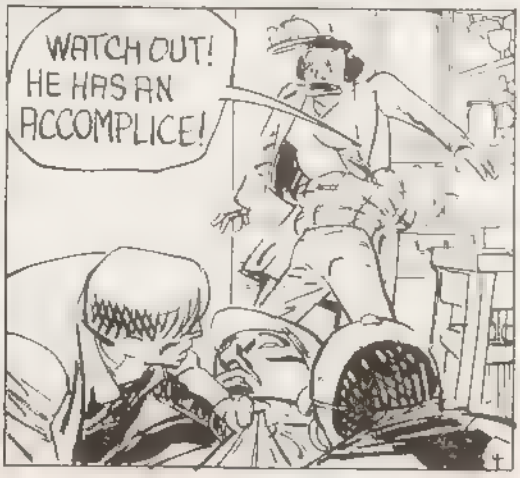
# THE LOVER

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN FROM THE CUCKOLD IS THE LOVER. IF IT IS TRUE THAT A LOVER CAN BE A CUCKOLD, THE CUCKOLD CAN NOT BE A LOVER. OR IF HE COULD, THE LOVER COULD NOT BE A CUCKOLD, OR IF HE COULD, WELL, LET'S FORGET IT.






FOR A LONG TIME I THOUGHT THAT THERE WERE DIFFERENT GRADES OF CUCKOLDS: COMMANDER CUCKOLD, CAPTAIN CUCKOLD, ETC... THE REASON FOR THIS WAS THAT IN LEAFING THROUGH A MILITARY REGISTER ONE DAY I CAME UPON THE NAME "CAPTAIN CUCKOLD." WELL, I TOLD MYSELF, IF THERE IS THIS RANK, THERE MUST BE COMMANDERS, LIEUTENANTS, COLONELS, ETC... AND IN FACT, I DID IMMEDIATELY FIND A COMMANDER CUCKOLD, THEN A LIEUTENANT CUCKOLD, THEN A COLONEL CUCKOLD, ETC... LATER I PERCEIVED THEY WERE ALL ONE AND THE SAME, RAYMOND CUCKOLD, WHO HAD RISEN RAPIDLY THROUGH THE RANKS, WHICH FREQUENTLY HAPPENS IN SUCH CASES.



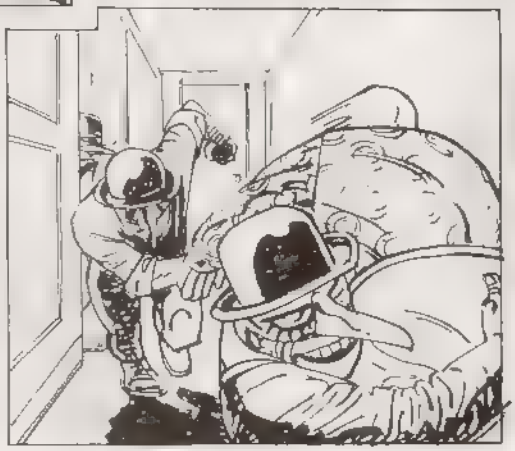
THIS EPISODE FROM "THE CLUB OF FIVE" DATES FROM THE END OF THE FIFTIES.

NOW LET US TAKE IN THE FOLLOWING SCENE:

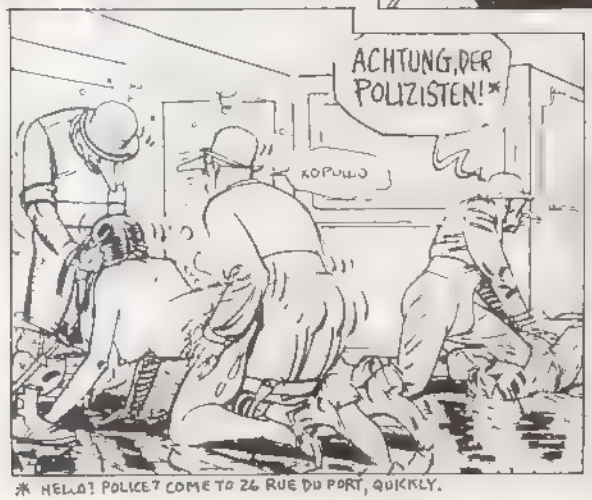
* THAT GUY LOOKS SUSPICIOUS

* HE'S GOING INTO THAT OLD HOUSE

* HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO



* WATCH OUT! HE HAS AN ACCOMPLICE



* HELLO? POLICE? COME TO 26 RUE DU PORT, QUICKLY.

NOW, THIS SCENE IS TAKEN FROM (THE EXPORT VERSION OF) A FILM MADE SOME TEN YEARS LATER, ENTITLED "ORANGE MECANIQUE".

DON'T YOU THINK THAT THERE'S SOME PLAGIARISM GOING ON HERE?

LIVINGSTONE AND THE NOTION OF CUCKOLDRY:

WHEN STANLEY SOUGHT OUT LIVINGSTONE IN DEEPEST AFRICA, IT WAS TO INFORM HIM THAT HE WAS A CUCKOLD.

MY DEAR LIVINGST'N, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEAN CUCKOLDED

IT IS SAID THEN, ALTHOUGH IT CANNOT BE VERIFIED, THAT A TEAR ROLLED DOWN OLD LIVINGSTONE'S CHEEK.

LIVINGST'N, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE DROPPED SOMETHING UPON THE GROUND.

THEN, LIVINGSTONE'S AGED FEATURES BECAME RELAXED...

HIS FEVERISH GAZE BECAME LOST ON THE HORIZON...

... AND HE HURLED BACK HIS FAMOUS RETORT:

OH, IT'S NAWTHING BUT A TEAH, Y'KNAW.

.. A SIMPLE LITTLE TEAH.

I ADMIT THAT I DON'T GET THE ALLUSION. APART FROM CUCKOLDS, THERE ARE ALSO CUCKOOS. THE DIFFERENCE IS, THE LATTER ARE SMALLER, AND HAVE NO COMMANDER.

PUZZLE: AMONG THESE PEOPLE THERE IS A CUCKOO. CAN YOU POINT HIM OUT?

NOT SO LONG AGO THERE EXISTED IN PARIS A *CUCKOLD CENTER*, TO OFFER HELP TO THE HOPELESS. WE WANTED TO VERIFY THE GENUINENESS OF THIS INSTITUTION, SO WE HAD A REPORTER GIVE THEM A CALL.

HELLO. IS THIS THE CUCKOLD CENTER?

YES IT IS. CAN I HELP YOU?

I DON'T KNOW. I'M DESPERATE. I WANT TO BE A CUCKOLD, BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW HOW.

OKAY. WE CAN GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS OF THIS TALL, WELL-BUILT GUY, AND YOU JUST SEND YOUR WIFE OVER...

CONTACT MADE, THE ADDRESS FURNISHED OUR REPORTER TURNED OUT TO BE THAT OF A COUPLE OF PENSIONERS. THE AGENCY'S REPLY: "THE TALL, WELL-BUILT GUY MUST HAVE MOVED." DID HE EVER EVEN EXIST?

## CONCLUSION

ON THE SUBJECT OF PRIESTS, ONE OFTEN HEARS THAT A PRIEST IS A CUCKOLD "NO MATTER WHAT" ("N'IMPORTE QUOI"*).

IF IT IS TRUE THAT A PRIEST CANNOT BE A CUCKOLD, THEN YOU CAN'T SAY A PRIEST IS A CUCKOLD "NO MATTER WHAT," BECAUSE IN FACT WE'RE TALKING OF A JOKE (WHICH I NEVER UNDERSTOOD.)

* "N'IMPORTE QUOI" COULD ALSO MEAN "DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING." —ED.

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE
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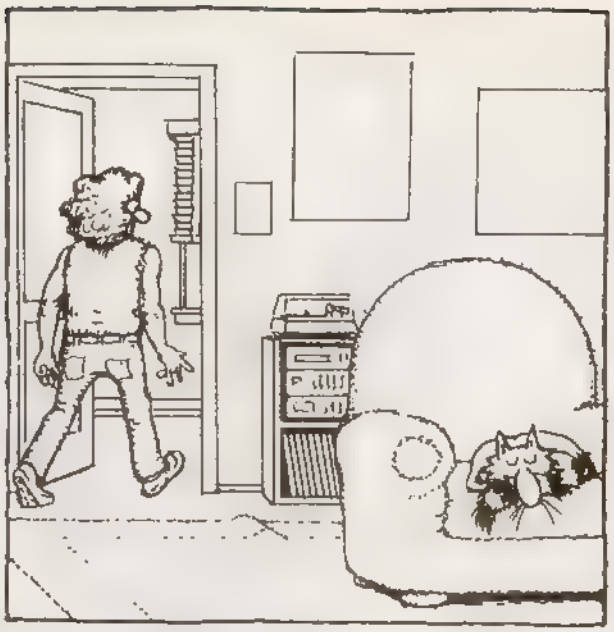

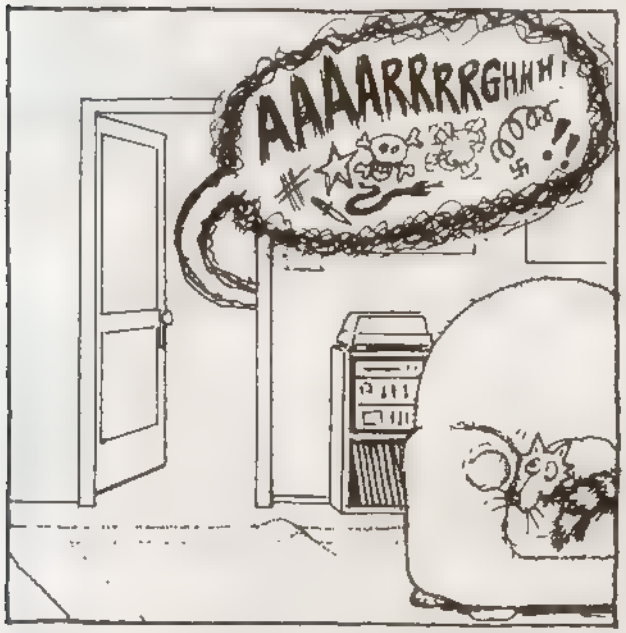
AAAARRRRGHHH!

YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
I QUIT!

OUT! OUT! OUT! AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!

(SIGH!) FIRED AGAIN!
I JUST CANNOT REMEMBER NOT TO SHIT ON FAT FREDDY'S PILLOW WHEN IT'S TOO COLD TO GO OUTSIDE!

the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
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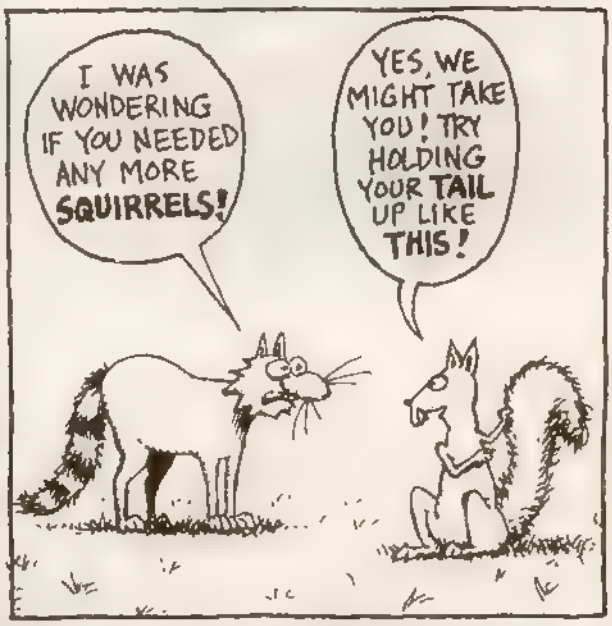
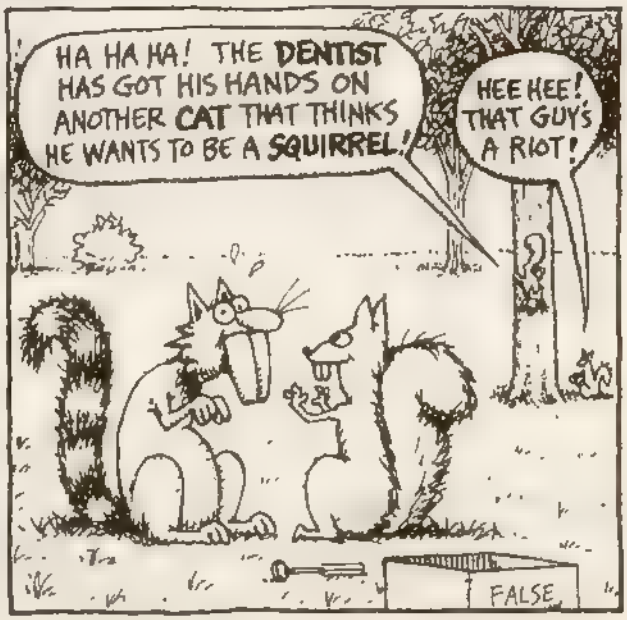
I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO! I'LL BECOME A SQUIRREL AND GO LIVE IN THE PARK!

I CAN CLIMB TREES PRETTY WELL... AND I THINK I JUST MIGHT ENJOY HIBERNATING...
PARK HOURS


I WAS WONDERING IF YOU NEEDED ANY MORE SQUIRRELS!
YES, WE MIGHT TAKE YOU! TRY HOLDING YOUR TAIL UP LIKE THIS!

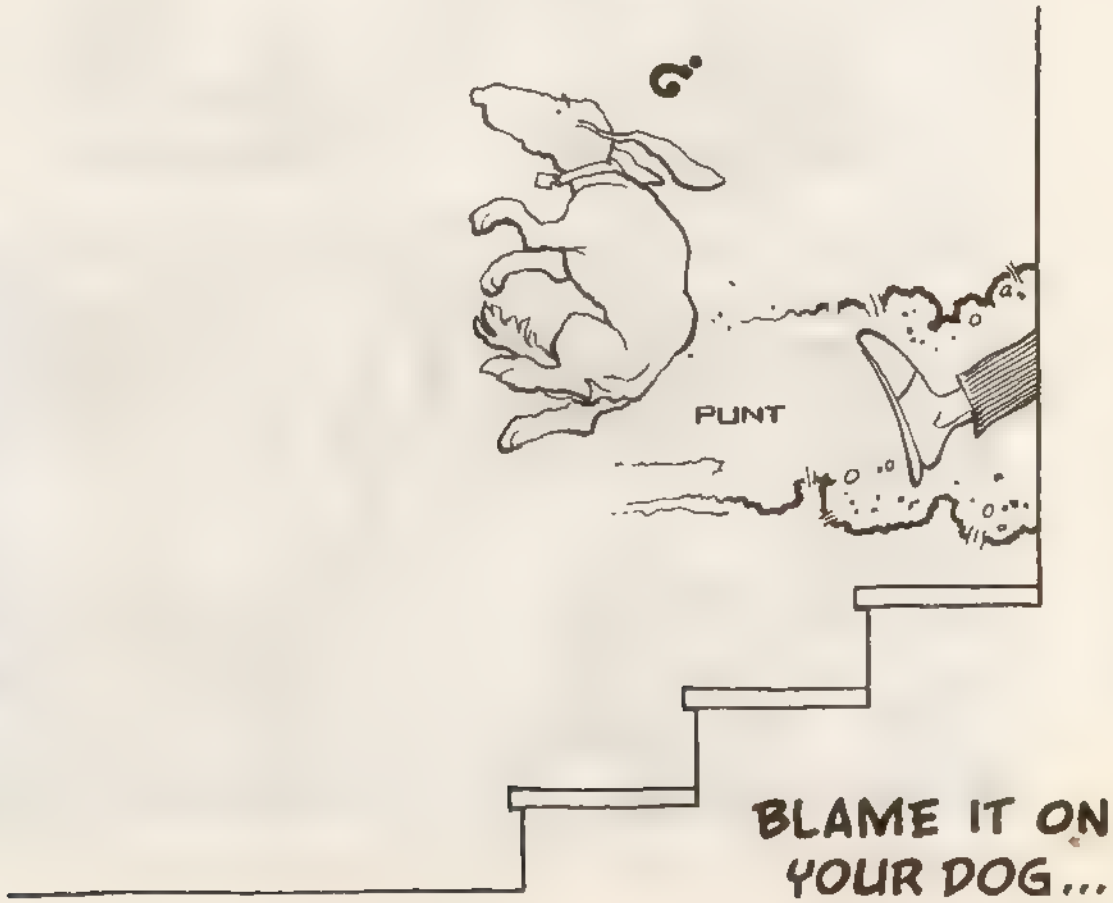
THOSE LITTLE TINY FRONT TEETH ARE REALLY DISGUSTING! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND YOU A BETTER SET OF INCISORS!
FALSE TEETH

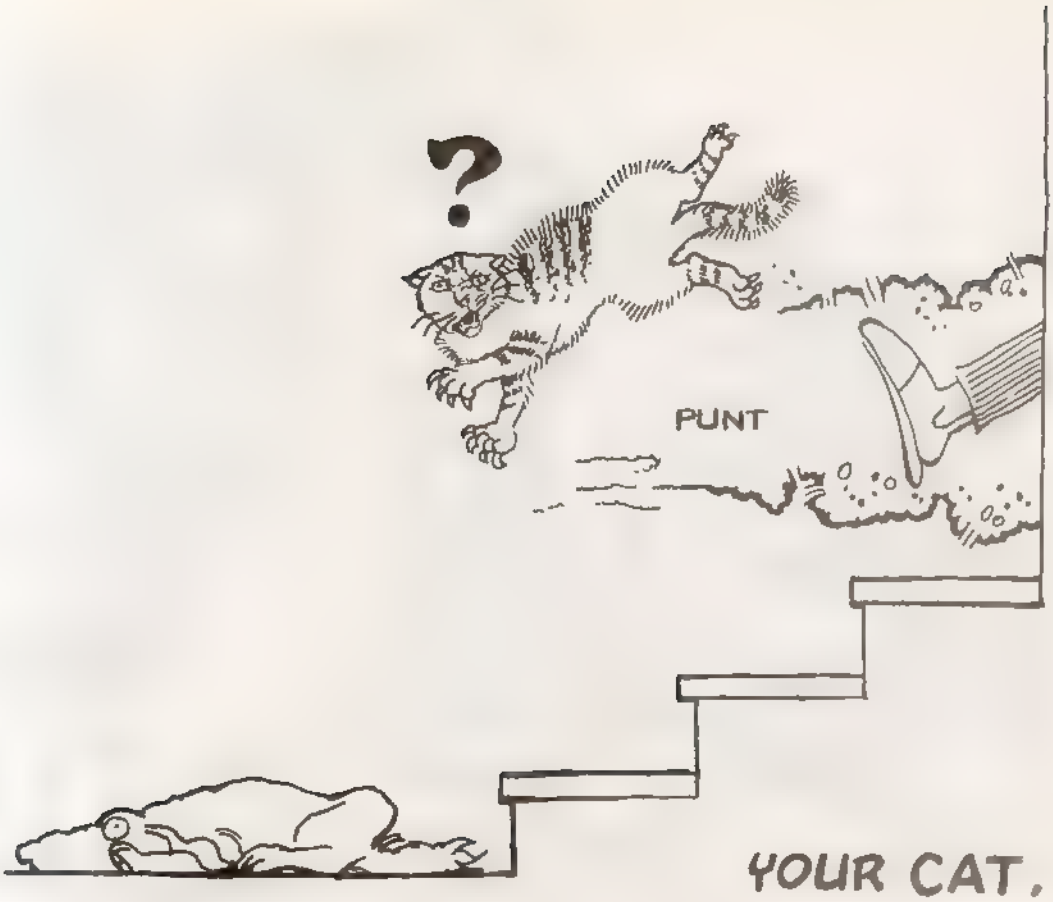

HA HA HA! THE DENTIST HAS GOT HIS HANDS ON ANOTHER CAT THAT THINKS HE WANTS TO BE A SQUIRREL!
HEE HEE! THAT GUY'S A RIOT!
FALSE

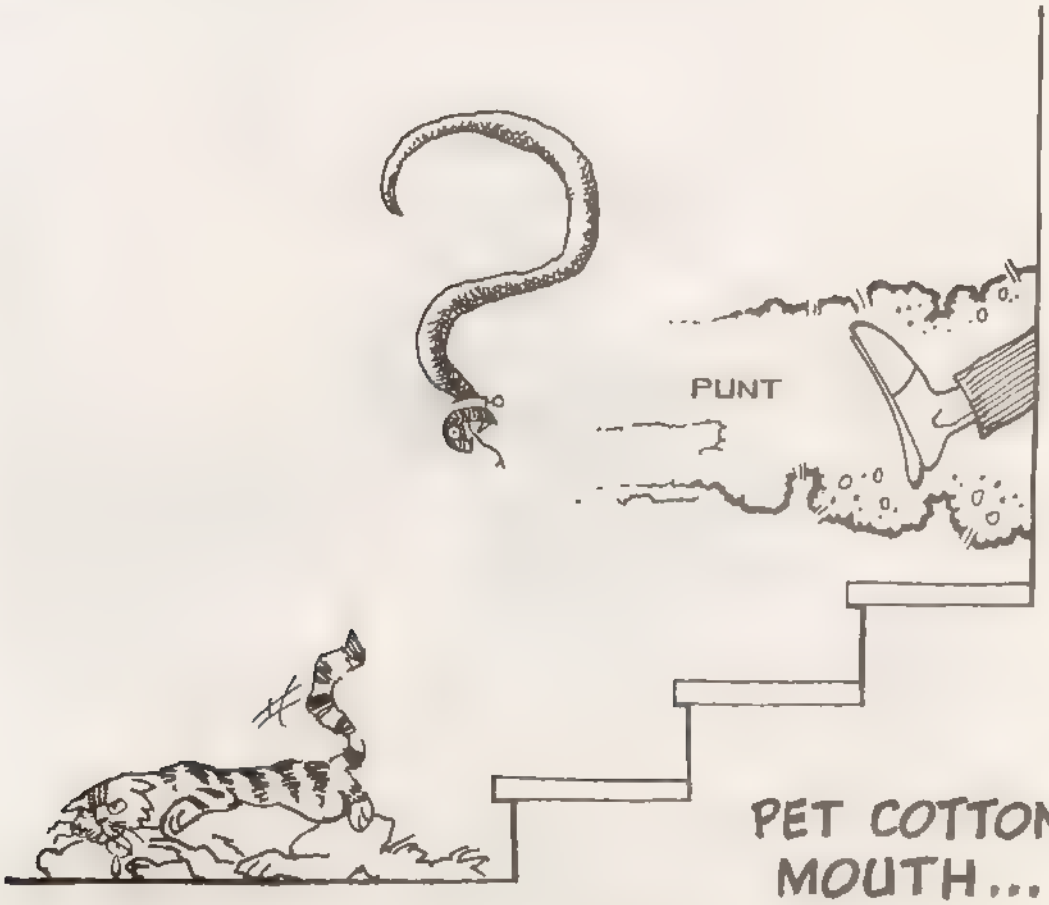
# HOW TO **FART** AND GET AWAY WITH IT . . .

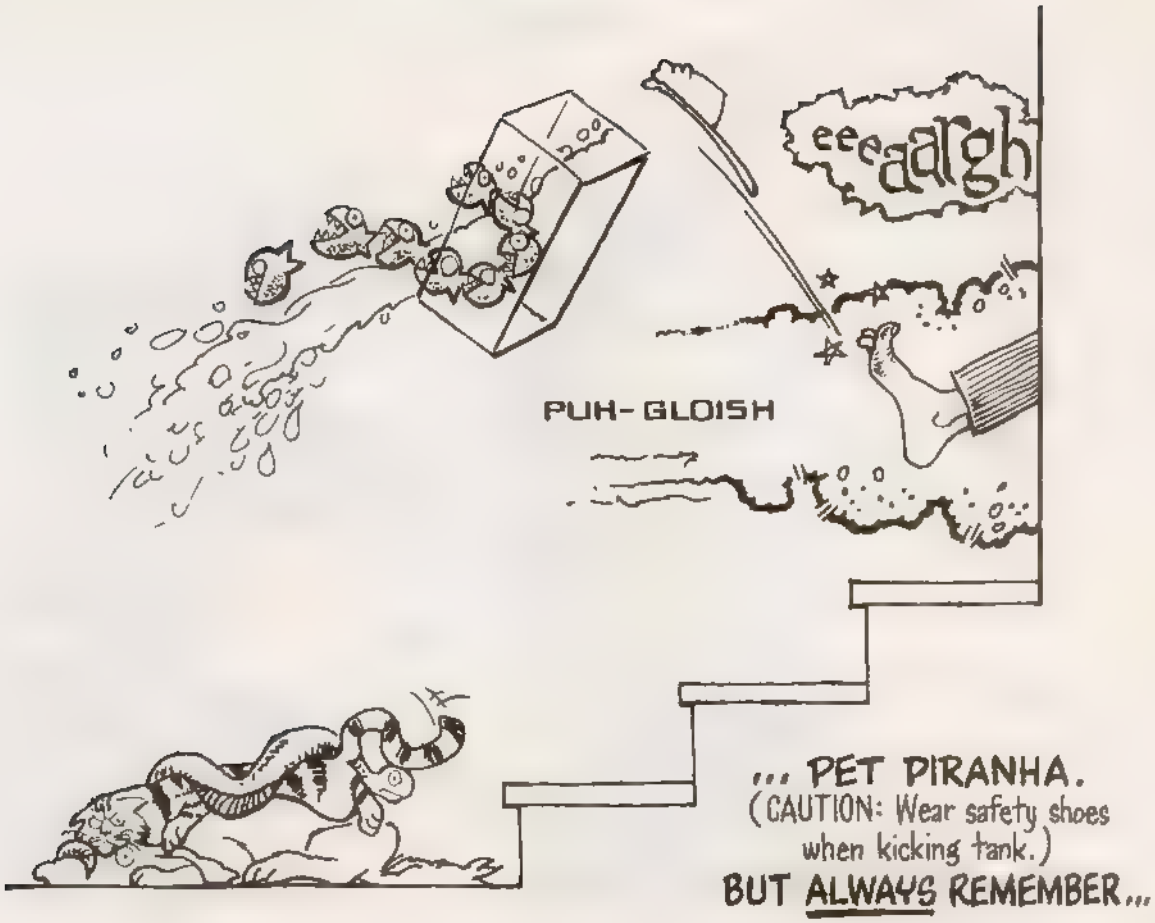
**By Jim Bennett**

These cartoons are excerpted from Jim Bennett's forthcoming book, *52 Ways to Fart (and Get Away With It).*




?
PUNT
YOUR CAT...


PUNT
PET COTTON-
MOUTH...


eeeaargh
PUH-GLOISH
... PET PIRANHA.
(CAUTION: Wear safety shoes when kicking tank.)
BUT ALWAYS REMEMBER...

PUNTS
... TURNABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

BLAME THE OLD CODGER SEATED NEXT TO YOU
... EVEN IF HE IS YOUR SPOUSE.

NEWLYWEDS:

HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR.

# STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

BY BRUCE BOLINGER
WITH THANKS TO JERRY KANE AND HIS DOG LOON

**TALES** OF AN AGING HIPPIE LOST **SOMEWHERE** IN THE BIBLE BELT.

**EVENING** HAD FALLEN. I HAD JUST GOTTEN RID OF THE LAST GROUP OF JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES (TALK ABOUT YOUR BIBLICAL PLAGUE) AND HAD SETTLED OUT TO CATCH A RERUN OF PUNKY BREWSTER. AND **IT** BEGAN.

RING, RING
RING, RING
SHIT! THERE'S THAT RINGING AGAIN!!
POK
ON THIS WEEK'S EPISODE - DOES PUNKY USE THE STOLEN CONTRACEPTIVES - OR JUST SAY NO..

HELLO, YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT...
*SO WHY THE HELL ARE YOU BOTHERIN' ME ???*
WELL, YOU'RE AN ARTIST, RIGHT ?? I GOT WORK FER YA. MEET ME AT THE GOOSE NEAR THE CONFESSIONAL.

**SO**, BEING MILDLY CURIOUS, BEING OUT OF WORK FOR YEARS, BUT MOSTLY BEING BORED I FIRED UP THE OLE INTERNATIONAL AND HEADED FOR THE LOCAL WATERING HOLE.

THE SHORT GOOSE
HAS GRACED THE LANDSCAPE FOR YEARS BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE NAME CAME FROM. IN FACT, EVERYONE'S BEEN ***AFRAID TO ASK!***

THE SHORT GOOSE
THUNDER MUG WINE 3H3 GAL
TINK TINK TINK
CO. 16
POSTED NO HOTHIN
PICK UPS ONLY
FIREWOOD AND INVESTMENT BANKING 948 561
*YO!! I'M COMIN' IN AND I'M NOT ARMED!*
TONK

EVENTS IN **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND** ARE BASED ON TRUE ENCOUNTERS WITH FAMILY MEMBERS, FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS AND OTHERS LIGHTING THE DARKNESS EACH IN THEIR OWN WAY...

**WHILE SOME EAT THE MATCHES.**

AS I PUSHED THRU THE DOORS SOME SMALL STILL VOICE CAUTIONED ME TO RECONSIDER..

THE GOOSE WAS CROWDED THAT NIGHT. ROSIE WAS BEHIND THE BAR...AND...ON IT. THEN OVER THE BAR SOUNDS I HEARD THE HIGH-PITCHED NASAL GREETING
YO, PEECASSO! HAUL IT OVER HERE.
THAT REMINDS ME WE GODDA ORDER MORE BAR NUTS
PROPRIETOR F.W. NIETZSCHE
HANDS ACROSS AMERICA
SMIK SMIK
COME BAR CLEAN
WELCOME TO MY OFFICE. MMM. FIRM WRIST.. I THOUGHT ALL YOUZ ARTISTS WUZ FAIRIES.
SCREW YOU!
SEE, I KNOWED IT!!
JEEZ, LETS START OVER...
. AN I WAS ALSO THE ONE WHAT THREW UP ON YER POOLTABLE.
AN I LEFT MY SOX IN ROSIE'S POTATO SALAD...
FARLEY, YER STARTIN' TO...
. ANNOY ME
.. AN I PUT SALTPETER IN YER SUGAR BOWLS
FARLEY, SUCK LEAD!
TRY RUM GUT
THUNDER MUGWINE 8 35 GAL
CONFESSIONAL
BLAM!
BLAM
A CONFESSIONAL IN A BAR ???
SURE, OLE F.W. THE OWNER WAS STUDYIN' TO BE A PRIEST BUT HIS APPETITE FER LARGE CHESTED WOMEN DONE HIM IN.
MOUNTAIN OYSTERS
F.W. IS THE GUY THAT GOT THE TOWN TO ERECT THE GIANT PLASTER JESUS OUT BY THE HIGHWAY AND YER THE ONE WE WANT TO PAINT IT REAL PRETTY
PICK UP YER DRINKS, BOYS...ROSIE'S GONNA SLIDE DOWN YER DIRECTION..
SO THAT WAS IT... THE TOWN WANTED ME TO PAINT THEIR GIANT JESUS.
BZZZZ
WONDER WHAT OLE ORAL ROBERTS WOULD DO.
WONDER WHAT MOM WOULD SAY..
WONDER WHAT ALL THESE THOUGHT BALLONS ARE DOIN IN HERE?

IN THE END THE $18.00 THE TOWN HAD OFFERED FOR PAYMENT DECIDED ME. I STARTED THE NEXT MORNING...
...AND PAINTED HOUR AFTER HOUR UNTIL, AT DUSK, I PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE SCHNOZ.
JESUS LIVES
DEITY AHEAD
PIGEONS PROHIBITED
THIS IS YOUR PARK KEEP IT CLEAN
NO CONDOMS
PORT-A-POOP
DONATIONS
GRATEFULLY ACCEPT
DONATIONS
HOLY WATER
RON
WENDY LOVES RON
RON LOVES RON
EVERYONE LOVES RON
THAT NIGHT OVER SUPPER WE DISCUSSED HOW TO SPEND THE MONEY WE'D SOON GET...
MEYBE A CONDO IN MIAMI?? A NEW MIRROR FOR THE HARLEY???
MEYBE SOME REAL CANDLE WAX??
CRITTER SAUCE
STONEY'S
AND SO ON LONG INTO THE NIGHT.
BORN TO SNOW
TOILET PAPER??
JIMMY SWAGGAT PINS??
NULL-O'S?
NEW FRIENDS?

MORNING CAME BUT MY OFFICE ROUTINE WAS ABRUPTLY AND RUDELY INTERRUPTED.
BLAM
STEP OUT HERE YOU IGORANT YUPPIE FAG !!
WE'RE GONNA KILL YOU, FOOL !!! YOU PAINTED OUR TOWN STATUE DAY-GLO ORANGE !!!
BLANG
BLOP
HELL, FARLEY, HE AIN'T HERE !!
BUT HE WAS RALPH, HERE'S HIS PANTS !! LET'S GO GIT THE DOGS...
WELL, I KNEW I WAS IN IT DEEP THEN. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEM I WAS COLOR BLIND.
I HAD TO DO SOMETHING QUICKLY...I KNEW THAT TRACKING ME WOULD BE NO PROBLEM.
OCCUPADO
HE'LL PAY FOR THIS !
WORM !
BLASPHEMER !
BUTTHOLE !
BY THE TIME I HAD PACKED AND SAID GOODBYE TO THE FAMILY, THE KILLER PACK HAD ORGANIZED AND, LED BY THE PRIEST, WAS HEADED MY WAY.
LOON
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE.
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !!
BYE LOON, I GOTTA FLEA.
SNUFF SNUFF
I GOT INTO TOWN BARELY AHEAD OF OF FATHER O'MICKLY'S SCREAMING CROWD... THANK GOD THE TOWN TAXI WAS THERE AND WAITING.
TAXI
IT'LL RUN YOU HALF A COW FROM HERE TO CINCINATI !...
WALLY, IF YOU CAN GET ME OUTTA HERE I'LL THROW IN MY MOTHER IN-LAW !!
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !
JESUS AIN'T ORANGE !
FAT WALLY'S TAXI SERVICE 948-1121
GUCCI

THE FEELING OF SECURITY DIDN'T SINK IN TILL WALLY GOT US OVER THE BORDER... I SUSPECTED OHIO DIDN'T EXTRADITE FOR POOR TASTE...

WELCOME TO OHIO ®

STATE LINE

MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL

JEEZUS! LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN, PLEEZE!!

KNIGHTS OF ST. COLON

ROTARY CLUB

4H OF OHIO

HOURS: CLOSED FRIDAYS

LOCAL CLAN #326

MENSA KLUBS OF AMERICA

'59 WORLDS FAIR OR BUST

MEANWHILE THE PADRE, TRYING TO RALLY PUBLIC SUPPORT, WENT TO THE AIRWAYS...

SO WADDYA THINK HOLY GUY?? A QUICK OPERATION AND A SEAT IN YER BOY'S CHOIR?

SHIT NO, WE'RE FORMING AN ARMY OF GOD AND WE'RE GOIN' INTO OHIO AFTER HIM

SHERWIN'S BULL HOUR

...AND TO THE TELEVISION WHERE, INBETWEEN KOTEX ADS, HE CONTINUED HIS TIRADE...

AND THAT GODLESS, TACKY, HALF-ASS ARTIST WILL BE PUNISHED WITH A SPECIAL HOLE IN HELL!

THE PADRE'S HOME-TOWN HORDE QUICKLY GREW TO REGIMENT SIZE.

TWO, PLEASE

REMEMBER: WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!!

"RALLY" 8 PM

GRENADE

BUT, ON INVASION EVE AN ANCIENT OHIO LAW SAVED MY REAR AND STOPPED THE HOSTILE HORDE IN ITS TRACKS...

HOLD IT, PADRE! STATE LAW SAYS THERE CAN'T BE NO ARMIES CROSSING INTO OHIO WITHOUT HAVIN' THEIR SHOTS, AND...THAT MEANS YOU!!

SHIT!

SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

ONCE AGAIN MY FAITH IN THE INTELLIGENCE OF MANKIND HAD PROVEN ITSELF AND I KNEW COMMON MAN HAD TAKEN ONE MORE SMALL STEP OUT OF THE CESSPOOL OF STUPIDITY... THANK GOD YOU NEED SHOTS TO GET INTO OHIO!!

MONTHS PASSED QUIETLY—THEN CAME MY FIRST PHONE CALL IN OHIO...

YOU'RE AN ARTIST, RIGHT? WELL, I GOT THIS CAR THAT NEEDS PINSTRIPES...

FINI

**"Wonder Wart-Hog Confronting Snot-Nosed Junkie Caught in the Act of Stealing the False Teeth from a Little Old Blind Granny-Lady"**
By Gilbert Shelton. Handmade silkscreen print by *L'Atelier*, Paris, in a limited edition of 100 prints signed and numbered by the artist. Actual size is 19¾ by 25½ inches (image size 15½ by 19¼ inches), and the colors are much more vivid and brilliant than can be captured by the techniques of photolithography. A very few copies are available, and they are offered at $250 postpaid, shipped flat in a cardboard-protected package. Write to: **Rip Off Press, Inc. Limited Editions, P.O. Box 4686, Auburn, CA 95604.**